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THE FOREIGN OFFICE AT BLAIGOWRIE.

WE are much obliged to the bailies of Blairgowrie and the tenantry of Meiklour. They and the Earl of Airlie have brought our Foreign Minister to deliver an important speech. The air of Scotland at this season of the year is usually favourable to his announcements of British policy abroad. It was at Aberdeen, in 1859, that he gave two Emperors to understand that, in spite of their Peace of Villafranca, Italy should be allowed to settle her own affairs. It is a graceful act of Lord Russell to remind his Scottish audience that one of their own cities may share with her Majesty's Government the honour of that achievement. All of us, on both sides of the Tweed, should hear with much pleasure his assurance, that it was by "the voice of England, supported by public opinion," that a French or Austrian intervention in the Italian Duchies and Legations was stopped. The diplomatic action of our Government, however, was confined to giving notice that it would be no party to any such act. Possibly, the Foreign Office archives may hide some evidence, known to Lord Russell, but not to ourselves, that Napoleon III. was actually prepared to restore, by force, the ducal and grand-ducal Sovereigns of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, with the Papal dominion of Romagna; and that he was only deterred by finding that the Government of Great Britain would not permit him to do so. This may prove, at some future day, an interesting subject of historical inquiry, extending also to the reasons why Garibaldi was allowed to upset the Bourbon tyranny of the Two Sicilies in the following year. The members of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet are meantime not unwilling to let us interpret those transactions in such a manner as to exalt the present Ministry in popular esteem. Mr. Gladstone, the other day, rightly observed that Italian liberty is a thing upon which the English people have made up their minds, if ever they did upon anything in the world. They must, of course, be glad to be told by Earl Russell, that he secured the establishment of Italian liberty by simply uttering their "voice." This process is a great deal cheaper, and it seems to be not less glorious, than going to war for an idea.

The idea for which Lord Russell would go to war, be it what it may, is still, we are happy to think, extremely remote. The idea with which he writes his despatches is that of non-intervention,—a very good one, so far as it goes. We must, however, understand by it neither more nor less than the rule which he laid down, three years ago, with reference to the States of Central Italy. It is, that each people forming a distinct political community should be left, in case of any dispute with its rulers, to alter its own government as it pleases. This has been frequently asserted

by Great Britain, since the time when Castlereagh and Wellington disapproved the intervention of the Holy Alliance in Spain. It should absolutely prohibit any sovereign from lending armed assistance to another against his revolted subjects. Lord Russell was Prime Minister, as we recollect, when a Russian army put down the Hungarians, when an Austrian army brought home the Grand Duke to Florence, and when a French army stormed the walls of Rome. It was a pity that the principle of non-intervention, which our Foreign Secretary proclaimed so emphatically in 1859, did not occur to our Prime Minister in 1849; yet it was better late than never. We have always given him credit for his prompt application of this principle to the case of Central Italy, when it seemed doubtful whether the stipulations of Villafranca would not be enforced by French or Austrian arms.

It would be still more satisfactory if we could perceive that Lord Russell had indoctrinated the Emperor with this admirable maxim of non-intervention; but we fear that the Blairgowrie speech will not prove so effective as his speech four years since at Aberdeen. When Lord Russell declares that we have no business to settle a government upon Mexico, he means that the French are doing what they have no business to do. But if the Mexicans like to have an Emperor provided for them by the Emperor of the French, Lord Russell will not contradict either him or them. This is a delicate way of saying that we must accept the French Emperor's interpretation of what the Mexicans wish. But we remember that, in 1859, there were French agents busy at Florence, to make it appear that the Tuscan wished for a restoration of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Neither Lord Russell nor anybody else, except Lord Normanby, gave credit to such representations, or would have accepted the result of a French intrigue, supported by French armed intervention, as a manifestation of the desires of the people of Tuscany. How is it that the people of Mexico are not to have the benefit of the principle enunciated at Aberdeen? It is either because Napoleon III. is less amenable to sound doctrine than he was in 1859, or it is because the Mexicans do not command respect, like the Italians, by knowing their own minds, and being resolved to take care of themselves. In either case, we are led to infer that Lord Russell's lectures upon non-intervention in the abstract have not yet made so much impression upon Imperial minds as, from his experience with regard to Italy, he might be disposed to imagine. In fact, the Emperor Napoleon has never professed to care for that principle, which he persists in violating with impunity, these fourteen years past, by his military occupation of Rome.

Lord Russell does not attempt to find any application of this golden rule to the case of Poland. It might seem, at

the first glance, that the Poles could not possibly derive any benefit from a rule which, strictly interpreted, forbids us to interfere on either side, between a sovereign and his revolted subjects. As this political relationship does not depend on the affinities of race, and as Lord Russell has latterly affected to speak of Alexander II. as "the King of Poland," it should follow that the war between the Poles and Russians is, like our Indian mutiny, a domestic concern. The Emperor Alexander, it is true, subjugates Poland by the aid of his Cossacks, as the Emperor Francis Joseph, by his German and Croat soldiery, reigns at Venice; but this is not a foreign invasion to the eye of our diplomatists; and the principle of non-intervention regards it without offence. If, indeed, Prussia came to the assistance of Russia in Poland, as Russia came in to uphold the Austrian dominion of Hungary, then might the other European Powers march to relieve the Poles. It would then be a question of mere expediency whether the French armies should traverse Germany, and take the Rhenish provinces on their way to redress the balance of European Powers, which by the Prussian intervention would be disturbed. We are not yet in presence of this state of affairs. Lord Russell confines himself, therefore, to a declaration that, since the Czar has refused to fulfil the Polish clauses of the Treaty of Vienna, he will henceforth be deprived of the express sanction given in 1815 by the European Powers to his reign over Poland. We cannot, however, perceive that this formal disavowal of responsibility, though it may serve plausibly to cover the mortifying diplomatic defeat of the Three Powers, will materially improve the situation of the Poles. Prince Gortschakoff, indeed, has rather claimed that the Czar holds their country by a fresh tenure of conquest, since the insurrection of 1825, than that his rule there should depend upon the terms of the Treaty of Vienna. By cancelling, therefore, the stipulations of 1815, we permit Russia, in the event of her subduing the present rebellion, to use her victory as she may please. It may be agreeable to Napoleonic France, which abhors every mention of the Treaty of Vienna, that another of its provisions, as in the case of Savoy, should be rejected or annulled. But the Emperor of Russia must be equally aware, that the stipulations of that treaty which gave him the Kingdom of Poland are of no more real value, as a guarantee of possession, than those which gave Belgium to the King of the Netherlands, and which annexed Lombardy to the Austrian Empire. The Polish insurgents, on their part, will obtain no other help, in consequence of this measure, than such as they might have had already, if England, France, and Austria had been inclined to go to war for their sake. It has been suggested that the next step should be to recognize Poland as a belligerent. But there is no such occasion for that proceeding, and it would have no such meaning, as in the case of the Southern Confederacy of the American States. Poland has no sea-coast and no ships; there can here be no question of piracy or lawful warfare, with which England or any other foreign power would have to deal. If Poland were deemed a belligerent, our Foreign Enlistment Act would still prevent Lieutenant Styles from enlisting a legion of English volunteers on her behalf. It is only as a more solemn and emphatic protest against the tyranny of Russia, that Lord Russell's proposal to "denounce" the treaty sanction of her dominion in Poland can be of use. We must not let the Poles be encouraged to a brave yet unavailing resistance, by any expectation of substantial aid from us. Half measures of hostility, while provoking to Russia, would scarcely comport with the dignity of Great Britain, and would do nothing for the cause of Poland.

With respect to the American contest, which was the last, and probably, after all, the most momentous topic of Lord Russell's speech, it may fairly be viewed in the light of that same principle of non-intervention, which our own Government has applied, with tolerable consistency, to the late revolutions of Italy, Mexico, and Poland. The secession of the South from the Union is purely a domestic affair. England, as a matter of principle, stands neutral in that great quarrel. There are some among us who sympathize with the one party, and some with the other. For our own part, we agree with the opinion, formerly expressed by Lord Russell, that the North is fighting for empire, and the South is fighting for independence. And, therefore, whilst like him we consider that negro slavery is a pernicious and horrible institution, we sympathize with the South in its struggle for political independence; as we have

sympathized with Hungary, with Italy, and with Poland. But we only demand that a clear stage and fair play should be allowed, wherever a nation or a people, numerous enough, and unanimous to become a nation, rises up in arms to cast off the yoke of uncongenial rulers, and to assert its capacity of self-government. We are for non-intervention,—nay, we will not tolerate a foreign intervention,—in any such case as this. Will our American kindred not be satisfied with this assurance? Their unreasoning and angry impatience shall not move us out of this steady course. The Foreign Minister of Great Britain speaks for all of us, on this question at least, when he addresses North and South by turns in the same candid, frank, and conciliatory tone. We could have wished to see America—as she was three years ago—united, prosperous, and free. The English press, and especially the *Times*, loudly blamed the leaders of Secession, and deplored the social evils of slavery, when the defection of the South first appeared. But we saw that a people of five millions, of our own sturdy race, without reckoning the negroes who had no political voice, were, throughout a country as large as half Europe, resolved to dwell apart by themselves, and "to settle their own affairs." Was it for us, whose forefathers twice rose up in the seventeenth century and denied the right divine of our prescriptive sovereigns,—was it for us, who to this day bitterly repent the harsh assertion, by our fathers in the eighteenth century, of an absolute authority over the American Colonies,—was it for us, English freemen, to denounce those people of the Southern States as *rebels*, and to applaud this cruel war of extermination against them? And was it for us, who founded American slavery in our days of moral darkness; who have entailed that curse upon their land; who have redeemed from it our remaining colonies, only at a great cost, and with such great difficulties as we know,—was it for us, who have patronized slave-holding Spain, and who have aided slave-holding Brazil in her secession from the Portuguese kingdom,—was it for us to treat the South as a criminal community; to outlaw the countrymen of Washington, because, like him, they are slaveholders, and to forbid those men to make themselves a nation? We say, with Lord Russell, that this was not such an attitude as England could fairly have assumed towards the separatists from the Union. If North and South are equally displeased, as it now seems, by our impartial neutrality, we owe them no apology, so long as our Minister can say, "I have done everything I think just and right towards these people." Though Mr. Adams should follow Mr. Mason, we will unsay nothing that we have said; we will undo nothing that we have done. Much, indeed, have we suffered, much have we sacrificed, and much have we risked, in our honest determination, as neutrals, to respect the rights of both. While the New York "shoddy contractors" have grown rich by the abundance of "green-backs," our Lancashire work-people have "clemmed." But as we thought it would be "infamous," for the sake of an English interest, to strain the rules of maritime law, we subscribed our millions to feed Lancashire, and we allowed the Federal blockade. We would have detained the *Alabama* at Liverpool, upon sufficient evidence to warrant the confiscation of an English ship-builder's property in his private yard. "Everything that the law of nations requires, everything that our law requires,"—nay, everything that the municipal law of Great Britain allows—her Majesty's Government will do, to prevent her Majesty's subjects from contributing to the naval and military forces engaged in this most unnecessary and inhuman civil war. This is our non-intervention; but we will not be prevented from saying what we think of North and South. We do not care, with Lord Russell, to count the numbers of those among us who sympathize with either side, though we might dispute the accuracy of his computation. This journal, for one, disapproves of the conduct of those who are madly fighting for empire, and desires the moderate success of those who, ill-advised, perhaps, in their secession, are now fighting for national independence.

PROGRESS OF DESPOTISM IN AMERICA.

MR. LINCOLN has not been slow to put in force the supreme powers confided to him by Congress. After some hesitation, he has enforced the conscription, and now the *habeas corpus* is suspended throughout the United States till the close of the rebellion, or till the President issues a

counter proclamation. Thus, another great stride has been made towards the establishment of a despotism on that soil where the Republican form of government seemed to many to have taken up its permanent abode. And what is stranger still than the exercise of this power, at a time when apparently it was never less requisite, is the patience with which it has been witnessed by the people. From the moment the proclamation of the 15th ult. was issued, personal liberty in the United States expired. But it did so without a groan. A nation touchy to a fault with regard to its liberties, looks on with complacency while their last bulwark is torn away; not because a paramount necessity demands such a sacrifice; not because the State stands in such peril that this arbitrary act alone can save it; but apparently because the people have either lost heart to contend against their Government, or consider the sacrifice of freedom itself well made if it can perhaps conduce to the restoration of the Union.

There seems to be no doubt that the Constitution recognises circumstances under which so extreme an act as the suspension of the *habeas corpus* may be exercised; and as it was impossible for its framers to define precisely beforehand what those circumstances should be, it was probably unavoidable that the Congress for the time being should take the right of definition into its own hands. It did so by its enactment of the 3rd of March last, by which it empowered Mr. Lincoln to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* if in his judgment the safety of the State required it. Of the legality, therefore, of the President's proclamation there appears to be no doubt. But it is open to us to speculate upon the motives which have led Mr. Lincoln to enforce his power; to ask, at least, what are those evidences of public peril which at this particular moment justify a step so momentous. We confess that, whatever they are, they do not lie upon the surface. At no time since M'Clellan's "strategic retreat" from before Richmond has the cause of the North worn so favourable an aspect as at present. The symptoms of disaffection to the Washington Government, which, before the fall of Vicksburg and the check sustained by Southern chivalry at Gettysburg, might well have alarmed Mr. Lincoln, have for the time disappeared. The conscription has been carried out, with a poor result it is true, as regards the number of men it has added to the Northern forces; but at least without a repetition of the riots which for several days placed New York in the hands of a mob. The growing desire for peace, resulting from a succession of disasters, which only a few weeks ago had become so strong that the North seemed on the point of beholding a new secession, suddenly gave place to a return of confidence; and Mr. Lincoln himself, from being the most unpopular man in the North—an object of derision and contempt except to those who were fattening upon the war—was surprised to see the tide of his old popularity flowing back upon him. Success had rapidly changed the public temper. The restoration of the Union became once more a thing to be believed in; and in proportion as this feeling strengthened, the Government became strong.

But this could hardly be the reason why it armed itself with the extraordinary powers Congress had placed at its disposal, and which, in the hour of its weakness, it had feared to use. Such a power has never been exercised since the United States became a nation. Once only, during the excitement of the Burr conspiracy, under Jefferson's presidency, a bill was passed by the Senate in secret session suspending the writ for three months. It was sent in a confidential message to the Lower House, which first resolved, by 123 votes to 3, that it ought not to be kept secret; and then, on the motion of the President's son-in-law, marked its displeasure and contempt of the bill by "kicking it out." But by that measure the suspension was for a definite time; it was made by the Act itself, not by the President, and it applied to a limited number of cases. The bill which gave to Mr. Lincoln the power to decide when the writ might be suspended, added unlimited power as to the term of its suspension and the number of cases to which it was applicable. It is well known that Mr. Jefferson objected to that clause in the Constitution which permitted the suspension of the writ during insurrections and rebellions. He pointed out in how very few cases in the history of England the *habeas corpus* was suspended for a worthy cause; and he argued that they were either cases of treason, where the parties might as well have been charged at once, or sham plots, where it was shameful

that they should ever have been suspected. We cannot doubt that, if that had been attempted three years ago, which Mr. Lincoln has just accomplished with such ease, the result would have been disastrous to the Government. Nothing could be more repugnant to the genius of American institutions; and it may even be questioned whether the "insurrection or rebellion," which the Constitution contemplated as justifying the suspension of the writ, could be such a breaking in two of the Republic as makes of each part a distinct nation *de facto*, or it must rather be a movement hostile to the Government arising in the heart of the Republic, and only to be purged from it by extraordinary severity. It is evident that this weapon which Mr. Lincoln has suddenly grasped is not to be directed against the rebellion. That is beyond his reach. It is equally clear that there are no enemies in the heart of the States that remain true to his Government, who cannot be dealt with by the ordinary powers of the law. If there be any who aid and abet the rebellion, it cannot be difficult to punish them when they have been detected. At most they can only amount to a number of scattered individuals; for the mass of the people have given proof too solid of their attachment to the Union to be doubted. Their loyalty has not endured from the enemy so severe a test as it has from their incapable President and his incapable Ministry. Yet even this test it has stood; giving an example to the world of patience which is little short of miraculous. Why, then, this terrible power brandished at a moment when the prospects of the Government are fairer than they have been for more than a year? It is not for an existing necessity. It is not for one which the present aspect of affairs seems to threaten. Yet surely Mr. Lincoln does not confiscate the personal freedom of his subjects for nothing?

Step by step from the beginning of this war there has been a gradual progress of the Government towards despotism. By the caprice of fortune, one of the most incompetent of men, a satire on the name of "statesman," has risen from the obscurity of a village attorney to hold in his hand the destinies and liberties of a nation which, with all its faults, with all its madness, has exhibited in this melancholy struggle extraordinary resources and energy. No European despot was ever more absolute, or so free from the control of public opinion. Yet it is doubtful whether he is more than a puppet in the hands of his party, and whether the unlimited powers he now possesses are not designed to secure the permanent supremacy of that party. A worse calamity could hardly befall a nation. We have had from time to time a taste of their Christian quality; we know how atrocious are the sentiments which possess them, how they exult in the bloodshed of this unhappy war, how they fan its flames with their oratory, and urge its prosecution with their counsel, their influence, and everything but their personal prowess. If these men have prompted President Lincoln's last proclamation, we may be prepared ere long to see tyranny at work. And already there is a sign that the proclamation will be acted upon; for we learn that "Secretary Staunton has ordered that any attempt upon the part of the civil power to arrest a military officer for disregard of a writ of *habeas corpus*, may be resisted by such officer by any and all means at his command." There is no mincing of matters here. What little trace of liberty the Presidency of Mr. Lincoln had left to his country, up to this point, Mr. Staunton's order has obliterated. The Constitution is gone, and a military despotism reigns in its place.

SARDINIA AS A PROVINCE OF ITALY.

LIBERTY, after all, is the very soul of social progress. With liberty, we see advancing industry and commerce, science and taste, all the comforts and all the ornaments of life. We have thus already to notice a fresh proof of the advantages likely to result from the union of Italy under a free and constitutional government. The outlying insular province of Sardinia is about to be traversed by a complete system of railways, throughout the length and breadth of the island, thus bringing the whole country into direct communication with its ports. This great advantage is now secured by a concession granted in the last session of the Italian Parliament to an English Company, formed in the spring of this year, which has raised the necessary capital, while English contractors have undertaken the work. We have all heard that Sardinia is not only the largest, but also the most fertile island in the Mediterranean. It would

be difficult to find anywhere, within the same limits (150 miles in length by 60 miles of average breadth), so great a variety of soils and minerals; while its vegetable products are no less diversified; for all those of temperate Europe are there combined with those of Northern Africa. But the natural wealth of this island was for centuries undeveloped, from the effects of bad government, and of the political events in which Sardinia was involved. From the dominion of Carthage, it passed under that of Rome, and then attained a high degree of agricultural prosperity. But after the fall of the Roman Empire, it was, throughout the middle ages, now conquered by the republics of Pisa or Genoa, now subdued and ruled by petty native tyrants, until its conquest by the Spaniards, whose misrule, in less than another century, completed its ruin. The population was reduced from 4,000,000 of inhabitants to little more than 300,000; while the productiveness of the soil naturally declined for want of labour. In addition to other evils, Sardinia got a much worse sanitary reputation than the facts justified; though, doubtless, in the hot seasons of the year, intermittent fever—that inevitable product of ill-drained, half-cultivated, land, under an Italian sun—is prevalent in some districts. But this evil was much exaggerated, as in the Roman Campagna, since the despotic princes, who then ruled Sardinia from Turin, perhaps feared lest a powerful immigration should, in process of time, have brought about a revolution in that island, from which the title of their kingdom was derived. The time has now come at last in which the House of Savoy, which has raised Italy to the dignity of a nation, can put aside such a fear, and can look upon the interests of Sardinia as those of an equal member of the entire Italian community. One of the first and most earnest desires of the Constitutional Government of Victor Emmanuel has, therefore, been to develope the resources of this island, and to restore its ancient prosperity, so as to turn its vast mineral wealth and the rare fertility of its soil to the advantage of independent Italy.

The mineral riches of Sardinia were well known to the ancients. Their vast excavations and heaps of scoriae still visible bear ample testimony to the extent of their operations. Under the Carthaginian and the Roman sway the larger part of the silver and lead used by those mighty nations was extracted from the Sardinian mines. Silver was then found in considerable quantities, but it is now only obtained by extraction from lead, the ores of which metal are profusely scattered over various parts of the island. Tradition asserts that even gold was formerly obtained there, but none has been as yet discovered in our days. Sardinia possesses, however, an abundance of iron ores, especially of that most valuable sort called "hematite," producing metal of the best quality. These ores are exported in large quantities to France, where they are used for the manufacture of ships' armour plates. As for its agricultural capabilities, Roman history tells us that, in the age of Augustus, Sardinia had acquired the name of granary of that mighty empire, because it supplied the corn necessary to feed both the army and the population of Rome. What a source of wealth and power may Sardinia, therefore, yet become to Italy, with her commerce and her navy! Those far-famed oak-forests, which anciently furnished their timber for the construction of the Roman and Carthaginian vessels, may now supply the dockyards of Genoa and Naples to build up a fleet which will once more assert the power of Italy in the waters of the Mediterranean and of the Adriatic. The horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and goats, of which vast herds are reared in Sardinia, will meet the ever-increasing demands of the mainland, of Spain, and France. Besides, the soil and climate of Sardinia, so well adapted for the extensive production of wine, oil, tobacco, hemp, madder, flax, silk, and cotton, will increase the commerce of the new Italian kingdom, and add to the revenues of its exchequer. The recent successful cultivation of the mulberry, and the habitual growth of cotton for domestic use, encourage the belief that, with the introduction of fresh capital, Sardinia will also be able to compete with most other countries in producing both silk and cotton. In the district of Terranova, about 30,000 cwt. of the best cotton has been gathered this year, and it was sold at the rate of 320 francs per cwt. Fruits of almost every variety, from the far-famed oranges of Melito to the pomegranates of Sassari, are abundant; and many of the esculents of our colder clime grow wild in the greatest luxuriance. The value of the Sardinian fisheries can scarcely be over-rated.

In such a country, endowed by nature with such great resources, a well-planned system of railways opens a new field to the enterprise, not only of the Italians but also of those of our own countrymen who may aspire to better their condition by emigrating, without removing to a distance from Europe. The lines to be constructed in the island of Sardinia are to be finished within the period of six years. They will be about 240 miles in length, and are to be proceeded with in the five following sections:—From Cagliari to Iglesias, the centre of the mining district; from Cagliari to the city of Orestano; from Orestano to the town of Ozieri; from Ozieri, through the city of Sassari, to Porto Torres; from Ozieri to Terra Nova. It is expected that the first section, from Cagliari to Iglesias, will be opened within a year; and two years will suffice to execute half the lines. By this complete system of railways through the whole length of the island, the opposite shores of the island will be placed in close connection with each other and with the inland districts. The Italian Parliament has already granted the necessary funds to improve those ports and harbours which the former bad governments of the island had permitted to fall into decay. Let it be recollected that railway and steam navigation have brought Sardinia within seventy hours' distance of London; and that by the existing telegraph lines the island is placed in immediate communication with every country in Europe, and also, we may remark, with Algeria and Egypt. A glance at the map will show how peculiarly favourable is the geographical position of Sardinia for extended commercial relations, seeing that Italy, France, Spain, Algeria, and Malta are at about equal distance from the centre of this island. Hence it seems likely that Cagliari, the southern terminus of the railway, must ere long become one of the great *entrepôts* of the Mediterranean trade. And it is certain that the Mediterranean is again destined, in our time, to become the highway of commerce between Asia and Europe, whether the farther passage be directed by Suez or by the Persian Gulf.

Under these circumstances the Sardinian Railway Company seems amply justified in its expectations of success, independently of its government guarantee of £580 per mile, and the grant of 480,000 English acres of land which, as a subvention, is awarded by the Italian Government. It may be interesting to remark that, by this grant of land, effected by an equitable arrangement between the Government and the communes, for the division of properties over which both had previously claimed right of ownership, the Italian Government has at the same time contrived to solve one or two very embarrassing local questions. These were the questions of the rights called *Ademprivi* (the right of common pasture), and *Cussorgiè* (the right of feeding pigs upon the acorns)—questions fruitful of discord between the Government and the Sardinians. The Government has thus given the last blow to the feudal system, which mainly rested on the mediaeval laws affecting these land tenures. We are not here concerned to estimate the direct pecuniary advantages to be derived by the Company, from the possession of an estate equal almost to a territory in extent. But such a territory would seem to present a field for agricultural colonisation, which might be preferred to Australia or America, situated, as it is, within three days' journey from home, and in a country which, like England, is now blessed with political freedom. We congratulate the Government of Italy upon its works of this kind. To add to the material prosperity of every Italian province, the insular as well as the continental, has been for three years one of the leading aims of that wise policy which was inherited from Cavour. Such an endeavour, if not the highest function of a national Government, is at least one of the most useful and important. And as we see from the example of Imperial France, it is one which contributes, as much as any other, to the consolidation of a political power.

THE EMANCIPATED NEGROES.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the contest between the Free and the Slave States of America, it is evident that the "irrepressible nigger" will, for a long time to come, be the standing difficulty of the Northern Government. We have had our little troubles with him, but they were a flea-bite compared with the labours which await Mr. Lincoln and his successors. In the West Indian Islands

there was happily wanting the element which must give the Federal Government the greatest anxiety; we had to deal only with the negroes and their owners; there was no eager immigrant desirous of occupying the ground, jealous of the rivalry of coloured labourers, and fierce and unscrupulous in his efforts to get rid of them. Mr. Lincoln has to protect the freed slave, not only from his master and from his own bad habits, but from the white labourer, who hates him because he degrades work and lessens wages. More than this, he has to teach the unfortunate black to learn to do without protection.

Ever since the beginning of the war, the intelligent contraband has been a difficulty in the Federal camps. The news which his intelligence brought was generally confused and contradictory, and in the end often proved wholly fallacious; but it was after he had ceased to fill the character of a news-bearer that his presence became oppressive. The refugees had to be fed and protected, and happy was the general who could get out of them a semblance of useful work. Daily cost and daily turmoil did not make the presence of the negro more palatable to the soldier, who had a well-founded notion that he was at the bottom of the war.

Troublesome as the contraband has been, the problem must become indefinitely more difficult when the effect of the President's Emancipation Proclamation is fully appreciated. It is probable that that Proclamation has hitherto disappointed the hopes of its friends and its enemies. Those who predicted the horrors of a servile war are equally at fault with those who looked forward to the immediate re-establishment of the Federal Power. The apathy of the slave is, perhaps, justified when we consider the wide-spread belief that the Proclamation will never be carried out. There are not wanting reasons by which the Federal Government might defend its conduct to itself if the subjugation or capitulation of the Confederate States should be followed by the withdrawal of the Proclamation. The doubts as to its legality may be held by the Supreme Court to be well-founded, in which case it becomes necessarily inoperative. In any case, it may be forcibly contended that the Proclamation was issued not as a boon to slaves, but as a penalty upon rebellious slaveholders, and its remission would be simply an act of grace to the latter, involving no breach of faith with the bondsmen. We do not, however, believe that these arguments will prevail. The unprincipled rowdies of New York may be sufficiently shameless to urge their adoption, but the events of the last three months have shown that the Central Government is strong enough to thwart the will of the Empire City. The Republicans are too much committed to the Proclamation to be able to withdraw it, and the Democrats, like our Tories at home, are powerless, because they have no distinct policy. No restoration of the Union is possible unaccompanied by the liberation of the slaves in the rebellious States. If the result of the contest should be, as is perhaps more likely, the establishment of an independent Southern Confederacy, it is now clear that the limits of such a union will be very circumscribed. Outside it there would be States whose native slaves would be freed through the action of the Proclamation, and which would be States of Refuge, unvexed by any Fugitive Slave Law, to the slaves escaping from the Confederacy.

Although what are euphuistically called the Loyal Slave States are not subject to the President's Proclamation, it is impossible to believe that slavery can permanently exist in them after having been abolished in their rebellious sisters. Even the intelligence of a slave will probably detect the hollowness of an argument, which proves that he ought to be in thraldom in Maryland, whilst his brother is free in Alabama. But there are more substantial reasons for thinking that slavery is doomed in the Loyal States. A Slave State having a Free State on its border is ruined without the protection of a Fugitive Slave Law, and no one dreams that such an enactment can ever be revived. Moreover, the Loyal Slave States are the "breeding" States, and it is useless to breed slaves when there are no slaveholding planters to whom they may be sold. There can be little doubt that peace would be followed by measures to secure the emancipation of the slaves in all the States under the Federal authority.

It is difficult to form any estimate of the number of freed negroes who will be thrown upon the hands of the Federal Government. There is now some talk of raising coloured troops to the extent of 200,000, and of 100,000 more blacks to

be employed in operations auxiliary to the main work of the army. If the Federals could succeed in getting such a force, it would represent a very large proportion of the able-bodied slaves in the South. The total number of slaves in the Union may be said to be, in round numbers, four millions, and of these it is probable that three-fourths were resident, at the outset of the war, within the limits of the rebellious States. A total population of three millions represents, according to ordinary data, nine hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms, so that the requirements of the Northern armies demand one out of every three able-bodied slaves in the South. To outsiders such a result seems unattainable, and it would be at once rejected were it not for the confessedly large numbers already employed in attendance on the Federal army. It is clear that refugees thus enrolled in the service of the North will not involve, in attendance upon them, the usual proportion of women, children, and infirm; but we might perhaps estimate at 500,000 the number of negroes thrown upon the Federal Government as a direct consequence of services in the field, if the enlistment of negroes should really be carried out upon so large a scale.

We know the device by which Mr. Lincoln last year sought to meet the difficulty which he saw looming in the future. As he looked upon the freed negroes in the district of Columbia, and as he heard by every mail of the contrabands with the army of the Potomac, at Fort Royal, and at Vicksburg, he conceived the brilliant notion of exporting every black to some promised land in Central America. The scheme was a mere expression of hopeless weakness, like our oft-mentioned plan of removing the Irish difficulty by a submersion for a few hours of the Green Island in the Atlantic; but it gave occasion to a speech in which Mr. Lincoln expounded to congregated negroes the unconquerable dislike they aroused in every American breast. The cynical frankness of the avowal, and the humorous request to the negroes to take themselves off, awoke wondering laughter in England; but the scheme itself, it is needless to add, fell stillborn, and has never since been heard of. The difficulty, however, has since then enormously increased, and it is not difficult to understand the reasons which actuated the Secretary of War in the beginning of this year, when he appointed a Commission of Inquiry to examine and report on the pressing question—What was to be done with the freed negroes?

The Commission appointed by the American Government to examine this question of the freed men may have been wisely chosen, but we confess to having doubts of it when we see at the head of its three members the name of Mr. Robert Dale Owen. Our acquaintance with that gentleman as the Evangelist of Spiritualism fails to satisfy us of his capabilities of investigating evidence and discriminating causes, and we can only hope that he had able coadjutors in Mr. James McKaye and Mr. Samuel G. Howe. Their report, which has just been published, 'bating an occasional tendency to American tall talk, is, on the whole, sober and reasonable. It opens with a frank examination of the negro's vices; his lax notions of property, of truth, and of the marriage relation—all, however, springing directly from the slave system of the South; and proceeds to a report on his value as a military labourer. It is on his willingness to work that the future well-being of the negro and the success of any government organization on his behalf depend; and the report of the Commission is, as far as it goes, very favourable. Major-General Dix, in his evidence, declared that the military labour furnished by the refugees under him was a full equivalent for the rations and wages which they, their wives, and children, received; and Brigadier-General Saxton, Military Governor of the Department of the South, who had about 18,000 refugees under his care, said, "The coloured people here have been no expense to the Government. They have received a good many articles of clothing from charitable societies at the North; but the balance of credit, I think, is largely in favour of the negroes." The work, however, which is thus done under military supervision, would probably differ materially from the work which would be voluntarily accomplished. Our own experience in the West Indian Islands is that, except at Barbadoes, where the population is so great that the negroes must either work or starve, no wages will induce them to do more than procure the necessities of life.

We can only at present state the outlines of the organization proposed by the Commission, and it will be

seen, as we have said, that its successful operation depends upon the character of the negro's labour. The Commissioners recommend the establishment of an officer at Washington of the rank of a brigadier-general, who shall be called the Superintendent-General of Freed Men; under him there shall be (at first) three Department-Superintendents, who shall reside in as many divisions of the States; visiting and controlling Resident-Superintendents, who shall reside amongst and have the care of from 3,000 to 5,000 freed men. Under these officials, with due assistants, shall be placed the care of all coloured freed men, who shall be withdrawn from military superintendence, and shall be strictly registered. It will be the duty of the Resident-Superintendents to overlook and sanction contracts of hiring and service between planters and freed men, *and, if necessary, as a temporary expedient, to undertake the working of plantations by the freed men on behalf of the central government.* The Commission believe that with a system of prompt payment of wages, adequate labour will be given by the freed men. Whether this will be the case, time will show, if their report be adopted; meanwhile, it is perhaps true that no better plan can be devised.

THE PROFIT OF IDLENESS.

EVERYBODY says this is a material age. Poetry is dead, the drama is dead, eloquence is laughed down, painting is ruined by photography, pastoral life is become a record of breeds and feeding, the ocean itself is swept of the snowy and swelling sails, and scored by the black hulls of floating steam-rafts. So, at least, we are told by those poets of the day whom neither the gods nor men nor the *Publishers' Circular* can accept; by the spouters of fluent nonsense, by Royal Academicians, and by mediocrity generally. Far be it from us to contradict so tremendous a majority. Let us humbly grant that no poet, nowadays, can write because of the clang of machines that drives inspiration away from earth, that the springs of human passions are dried up, that nobody cares for aught save self, and that everybody is ready to sell for a mess of pottage his birthright in the beauty of the world and in the faith in things unseen. Yet, at the worst, there is at least hope that we may mend. Sunk, if we are sunk, in materialism, there may be hope that we shall rise again. And perhaps we are not so far sunk but that we may take some pleasure in thinking of the grounds for such a hope, and in looking at some of the agencies by which, even among ourselves, this materializing agency is being partly counteracted.

First of all we may usefully remember that all men are not poets and lovers of nature, who are born in a ruder time, or nurtured among scenes of natural loveliness. There is strong reason to doubt whether the clodhopper of bygone times was a bit more poetical in his mode of looking at things in general than the chawbacca of the Victorian era. What we call the fine arts, if they are at a low ebb with us just now, had scarcely commenced their existence in the England of Elizabeth—the England of Spenser and Shakespeare. A little further back in history, and we find poetry and the drama represented by the jesters and minstrels of a baron's hall, and by the coarse allegories of the religious mysteries. Nor is our own decadence of very ancient date. Nobody pretends that it began till after the passing away of Byron and Burns, of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Siddons, and Flaxman. So it would at least seem that materialism has wrought its work of causing the disappearance of genius very rapidly. But, then, it is comforting to reflect that precisely the same work must, on the evidence of similar facts, have been wrought on several previous occasions, when, according to the theory of the modern poets, there was certainly no materialism to work it. And therefore we may, perhaps, think that the materialism of the present day, which consists, after all, mainly in the substitution of inanimate matter, in the form of machinery, to effect rapidly what human hands or legs did before slowly, is not necessarily such a foe to the higher graces of intellect and imagination as some people would have us to believe. The sickle is a very implement of poetry to the looker-on; but the reaper, with back half-broken, and body worn out at the end of his day's toil, is not of necessity a more imaginative being than the binder who has been making a half more wages by the half as easy again work of setting up the sheaves after Burgess & Key's patent self-delivery machine. Thus, there is hope that a poet, if he could write without the sickle to inspire him, might at least have as many listeners as when he tuned his lyre to the sound of that blade of best sheer steel, Sheffield trade marked, sweeping through the stiff Talavera wheat stubble.

But the peculiar phase of civilization through which we are now passing brings with it some modifications of our way of life as important as the substitution of machinery for manual and pedal labour. The unpoetical railway, with its train of black cars, which has taken the place of the poetical stage coach, or the older, and therefore more poetical, stage waggon, performs other work than that of carrying to and fro feverish traders and ponderous bales of goods. Once a year at least, for almost every one, it is devoted to the opening up of scenes, hitherto scarcely accessible, in which the grandeur and beauty of nature are pre-eminent. Every year our towns empty themselves into the country. The merchant or professional man has his month or six weeks in Switzerland, or on the coast, or in our highland or lake districts. The clerk or shopkeeper spends his shorter holiday in the same way. The artisan, with his wife and children, devotes a single day, at more frequent intervals, to the cheap trip in the excursion train. This is a leavening of the mass which must have its effect. Of old, it is true, the country was less remote from the city, and might be reached on foot in as few minutes as it now may by railway. But then only that part of the country was accessible to each town which lay immediately around it. If these rural scenes chanced to be beautiful, that was the luck of the inhabitants. But if they were ugly—barren moorlands, for instance, or level fens—the inhabitants had no option. That was all their prospect during all their days. But now all England, with Scotland and Ireland, too, lies at their choice. Once a year they wander, the very poorest among them, to the loveliest scenes within a hundred mile circuit; and it is hard if, within that range, there is not to be found in our island a variety of enchanting scenery. They may idle among the rich green pastures by the brimming river sides, and watch the cloud shadows chase each other over the yellowing corn-fields set in their enamel of ancient hedge-row trees. They may take their way where, as in Derbyshire, the uplands break into billowy hills, and the streams rush down, dashing over rocks and stones beneath the wooded crags. They may, at their pleasure, choose the wilder scenes of Wales or Yorkshire or Cumberland, and lose the thoughts of the work-a-day world where the heather-clad mountains raise their purple outline against the blue sky, where the lonely water-fall leaps from the cliff, and birch and alder mantle, with a waving veil, its course through the glen below. Or they may select those happy Devonshire combes, where every charm is intermixed and blended,—where the corn-fields and pastures insensibly melt into the dun moor,—where a wild growth of natural oak and ash clothe the steep sides of the hill,—where, in remote dells, the clusters of feathery fern and velvet moss on the grey stones make a very fairy's haunt, and the glint of the sunbeams through the leaves, and the fitful tremor of the breeze, seem every moment to quicken the glades with the rustle of Queen Mab and her train,—where the mountain streams, clear brown with the peat stain, foam amid rock and boulder as they hurry to the sea,—where the white houses of the fishermen, embowered in myrtle and fuchsia, gleam through masses of evergreens beneath the wooded cliff, and, beyond, the dark blue ocean sleeps in the sunshine,—where, in the soft air, the tendrils of ivy droop down till they mingle with the sea-weed on the rocks, and the grey precipice gives footing in every cleft to juniper and oak, till crowned at the dizzy summit with tufts of rosy heath and yellow furze nestling among the hoary lichen-covered crags. And, at least, if this combination of perfect beauty, or even those spots where one only of its elements may be enjoyed, be inaccessible to any, we Englishmen possess in our girdle of the sea a source of universal delight and unconscious education of the taste. It draws, indeed, with an attraction as resistless as the glittering eye with which the Ancient Mariner held his listeners. From the "eight hours at the seaside" to the marine villa or the yacht the temptation of the ocean is to all classes the strongest and the most easily indulged. Now, it is not health of body alone which is sought or found in this retreat. The eye is filled with beauty in new and perfect form. The flattest and tamest shore yields the graceful curves of the breaking waves, the changing margin of white surf between the azure sea and the olive verdure of the sand-hills, the glorious sunsets and the reflection of the moonbeams. In all these scenes the brain, wearied with monotony of accustomed toil, finds rest for the overtired faculties in the exercise of faculties hitherto unused. The thinking and calculating powers are relaxed, while the sense of beauty is indulged and cultivated. This must yield its fruit.

For, let it be observed, how different are the conditions of this annual devotion to the mere poetry of life from any which have heretofore existed. Those who formerly dwelt in beautiful scenes were apt to pass them by indifferently; those who did not dwell among them had no means of seeing them. Now we go forth

purposely to see and to admire them. We seek instruction as to the special beauties of the spots we are to visit, and we train our minds under this instruction. This is a real education in the sense of beauty and in poetry, and an education almost universally diffused. Now, observe what it has already wrought. It has often been remarked, that the sense of natural, and especially of landscape beauty, is peculiar to the moderns. May not one reason be, that Greeks and Italians lived in such an atmosphere of it that by its commonness it ceased to strike, and though it worked subtly on their senses it was not recognised as a teacher, or as a peculiar source of enjoyment. But our enjoyment of it is, after all, very recent. Dr. Johnson, passing through Glencoe, could write of its wall of rocks, that, "By hindering the eye from ranging they forced the mind to find entertainment for itself," and appeals for sympathy to the public in the apology, "It will very readily occur that this uniformity and barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveller; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks and heath and waterfalls, and that these journeys are useless labours, which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding." Lord Macaulay suggests, as the explanation of this deadness to romantic beauty, that it is impossible to admire beautiful scenery while uncertain as to your night's lodging and in fear for your personal safety. But neither of these incidents of travel nowadays debar the exploration of Swiss peaks and passes, of the rugged Caucasus, of the high steppes of Tartary, of the jungles of Nepaul or of the Amazon, avowedly in search of their natural beauties of scenery; while the travellers appeal to the sympathy of the public in their descriptions as confidently as Dr. Johnson appealed to the intelligence of his public in his deprecations. This shows decisively an advance of the public sense of beauty. It is shown as certainly by a thousand smaller incidents of daily life,—by our public gardens,—by the exquisite scene-painting of Beverley or Grieve and Telbin, which forms the surest attraction in our theatres,—by the vastly improved form of the common pottery and glass articles in our shop-windows. All these are fairly attributable to the education of our month or day of holiday spent, by help of machinery, in the midst of nature's finest scenery.

The necessity of this month or day is also growing. As the brain becomes more used and the fingers less, the need of occasional relaxation of brain becomes more pressing as well as more easily attained. So the mere fact that the tendency of all material advance is to demand harder labour of the brain, itself ensures that more study and better appreciation shall be given to the mere pleasing of the taste—or what the Germans more definitely call the aesthetic sense. Happy for us is that law of nature which is thus being developed, which enacts that the cultivation of one mental faculty shall involve the raising of all,—which sets the pleasures of the imagination as the appointed counterpoise of intellectual labour,—and which gradually weans us from indulgence in gross corporeal delights, by making the indulgence of the highest senses of the mind the instinctive relief sought for the wearied reasoning powers. Such is the vein of gold which runs through the dark ore of our iron age.

THE POETRY OF THE HAMMER.

Few people can have carefully studied the advertisements with which that eminent auctioneer, the late Mr. George Robins, was in the habit of flooding the columns of the *Times*, without feeling that the kind of literary composition in question was the true school for imaginative genius. His pictorial art seemed to stock the counties of Great Britain with splendid palaces, which always presented themselves to the excited fancy of the reader as either shining in the morning rays or glowing in the setting sun. Burns and Sir W. Scott without doubt belong to stern and wild Caledonia. The poetry of Mr. Wordsworth calls up, as we read it, vivid pictures of Mr. Wordsworth himself tramping, with a stout walking-stick, over the Cumberland mountains. But what Scottish bards are to Scotland, and the Lake School to the Lakes, the late Mr. George Robins may be said to have been to Surrey and to Kent. A family mansion at Dorking or at Reigate used to inspire his lute to efforts of fancy and song which Southey and Wordsworth never surpassed. It is true that he did not often write in metre; though, in one or two eventful cases, his muse was hurried by her enthusiasm into something very like it. But the true definition of a poet is that he is a gentleman who gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name; and that this definition was satisfied by Mr. George Robins in his highest flights will be conceded by those whose lot in life led them on any single occasion to compare nature as she was, with nature as the flattering Mr. George Robins

loved to paint her. Like all great poets, he was blessed with the faculty of discovering beauties where no meaner sight could ever discover any at all; and the number of woodland glades, and upland lawns, and winding valleys, and well-watered pastures, which appeared to the eye of Mr. George Robins and to nobody besides, is probably past all calculation. That so remarkable an artist should have passed away and left no school of trained disciples behind him is impossible. His auction-room cannot but have been a kind of Parnassus on which many a youthful poet was brought up. The first of the little band who had the privilege of watching the construction of the myriad landscape poems which have issued from Mr. Robins's laboratory, has recently appeared in the world, with the poetic dew of the auction-rooms fresh upon his wings. He has been in Arcadia; he has slept among the catalogues and the upland lawns of Surrey; he knows the course of the many shining rivers that wind like a silver thread through the estates in the vicinity of Croydon and within walk of a railway station; and he has presided over the fortunes of those palatial residences which invite the gentlemen of England to come and settle within an hour's journey by train from London Bridge. Fortified and cheered by this preliminary discipline, he now steps forward to sing a fairy tale about a Welsh mountaineer and his harp. In the selection of a subject he seems to have been guided by the natural instinct of a poet. No true poet in these days, if he can help it, writes about the scenes with which he is most familiar. On the contrary, he escapes gladly from the scene he knows and flies to others that he knows not of. On the principle on which Tommy Moore sang of the Loves of the Angels, and Lord Byron of corsairs and gazelles, the youthful disciple of Mr. Robins seems to have determined to avoid Dorking and Croydon altogether, and to get away if possible to the other side of England. The Welsh and not the Surrey hills are the stage where the action of the fairy plot is laid. When we add that the story was composed as a tribute to the Princess of Wales, and that timid readers may rest assured that although the scene is laid in Wales, the poem has nothing at all to do with the "Eisteddfod," we shall have done our duty by the author. Two things more perhaps ought to be mentioned in his favour. The first is that if any one thing characterizes the poem more than another, it is the air of "romantic freedom" which pervades it. The second is that the talented author is ambitious, and will not be satisfied with moderate fame. The following is the manner in which he introduces his own work to the public:—

"The author of this poem, being formerly the advertisement clerk to the late Mr. George Robins, the eminent auctioneer, in that capacity he had frequent opportunities of indulging in the descriptive and the beautiful. This work being composed and printed while suffering under severe illness and affliction, there are many errors in it which the author now perceives, too late to correct, but he trusts the air of romantic freedom pervading throughout will render it acceptable to everyone, and thus redeem its faults and its nonconformity to order and rule. He regrets that the limits of this little book compel him necessarily to retrench much of the fairy machinery, which otherwise he had intended to introduce, but hopes the general reader will find sufficient to please, the poet sufficient to dream over, the painter to illustrate his canvas with, and the sculptor to immortalize in statuary; then the fondest anticipations of the author will be realized to the fullest extent."

Should Mr. Fawcett Dawson (for such is the name of the author of the "Harp of the Welsh Mountaineer") succeed in furnishing the general reader with pleasure, poets with dreams, and painters and sculptors with subjects, in the course of a single fairy poem, he must be a very "fond" anticipator not to be satisfied with his success. As for the air of romantic freedom of which he speaks, all that need be said is that Mr. Dawson is both romantic and free. If the admission is of any benefit to him, it ought to be cheerfully conceded, and any retrenchment of the fairy machinery which he has found it necessary to make will readily be forgiven by the reader. The severe affliction under which the poem was written is a less fair excuse. If it were tolerated in the world of literature, nobody would ever write except under the shield of domestic calamity, and critics would become a useless institution. Nor will any but captious readers take exception to the "Harp of the Welsh Mountaineer" on the ground that it is not prose, but poetry:—

"Perhaps, reader, when you take up this book, you will exclaim, 'Oh! poetry,' and cast it aside. Be not so rash: poetry is the language of the Deity. He speaks it in every leaf and flower, in every sunbeam, and in every cloud. All poets are prophets, true or false, according to the bias of their genius. When a nation ceases to produce poets, or becomes so lost in frivolity as to disregard their aspirations, that nation has no longer healthful vitality. All the representative empires have produced great poets in their primary and culminating epochs."

It is not a little singular that the issue which Mr. Dawson believes that the public are about to join with him, is whether or no poetry is the language of the Deity. We should have thought that the only serious question was whether poetry happened to be Mr. Dawson's language too. M. Jourdain, in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," suddenly discovers that he has been talking prose all his life without knowing it. It is quite possible to write poetry as well as to talk it unawares. Mr. Dawson, however, cannot fairly be set down as a person devoid of a poetical turn. He is in a sort of way both tasteful and fanciful. His descriptions of moonlight are quite equal to the average, and he has got in more spirits and fairies than anybody has a right to expect in an ordinary piece. Among other instances of imaginative genius we ought briefly to call attention to a remarkable power he seems to attribute, like the Irishman in the story, to *Echo*. He appears to think that it not only repeats words but answers questions—a curious example of the "romantic freedom" on which he plumes himself in his Preface:—

"That agonizing shriek,
Which scares the vultures from their sheltering crags?
'Tis the death-struggle of a drowning being!—
Who treads the deep?—who sinks beneath the wave?
Echo replies—The hapless minstrel boy."

Echo really can do all this in Wales—Welsh air works miracles. The *durki* is nothing to it; and we should strongly recommend the detective police in the metropolis at once to put themselves in communication with so instructive and loquacious an informer. We hardly suspect that Echo used to do so much for Mr. George Robins, though that artistic wizard had in general most of the powers of nature obedient to his wand, and Dryads and Oreads came and went in every county in England at his command.

Mr. Dawson's poem, however, excellent and clever—and that it has some excellence and some ability nobody can deny,—is not so instructive as his preface and the suggestions which are forced upon us by that part of his work. The talented author of the "Welsh Mountaineer's Harp" candidly acknowledges the obligations he feels to that school in which he has been taught to perfect himself in the "descriptive and the beautiful." It seems a real pity that the youthful poets of the age should not have the benefit of an experience so valuable and so practical. We do not see why the *Times* newspaper, like Westminster Abbey, should not have a poets' corner, and why that poets' corner should not be the columns which are so admirably filled by the successors and imitators of Mr. Robins. Here genius might accustom itself to plume its wings and to nerve itself for higher efforts. Mr. Moses attempted in vain to furnish a field for the poet's fancy to sport over. The endeavour to make cloth clothes poetical was necessarily a failure. Not even a Byron could have made anything out of summer vests, or tweed trowsers at eighteen and six. If it takes nine tailors to make a man, it probably takes a good many more than nine to make a poet. The true field for poetic talent lies far away from the *Minories*. It is to be found, where so much that is excellent besides is to be found, in the landed interest. Tell me where does fancy lie? asked England's greatest poet. If he had lived in the nineteenth century, he would have known that fancy's real home was with Mr. George Robins. The real reason of this is that every artifice and manœuvre which stamps the juvenile poet is to be found in its perfection in the writings of eminent auctioneers of the Robins school. No reasonable person can doubt that the great success of the juvenile poets of the day lies in their habit of putting commonplace ideas in an uncommon and romantic light. This is just what the followers of Mr. George Robins accomplish with so much effect and success. A modern poet would never dream of calling a horse a horse, or a waggon a waggon. A horse, lighted up by the torch of genius, becomes a steed; and a waggon is immortalized into a wain. We recognize at once the same wondrous power as that which converts a cockney cottage into a villa, and a country house into a palatial residence. If anybody were called upon to invent a rule for the conduct of the poets of the day, he would probably say: "Think about anything that anybody else might think about, and express your thought in a way that nobody else would hit upon." This is just what the model auctioneer is bound to do. His fairy touch changes a farmhouse in Berkshire into a palace in fairyland. The way in which the idea presents itself to his fertile mind is simply that of a house with so many windows, reception-rooms, and stables. If he is at the head of his profession, he at once is able to transmute it into a residence with sunlit views and speckled glades. If this is not the true spirit of ordinary modern poetry, we do not know what is. Nor can we conceive a better occupation for novices. It is probably lucrative, and it affords free play to the fancy.

A NEW GHOST ON AN OLD STAGE.

THE new Ghost pervades the British drama. In the metropolis and large towns the spectre of the green-room has a hard fight to wage with the rival spectres of the music-halls and the lecture-room. But he is the "star" of provincial theatres. Dramas are written in his honour. The "play of 'Hamlet' with the part of Hamlet left out" is a respectable old joke, which has served its turn. The modern manager may leave out not only Hamlet but Ophelia, King, Queen, Polonius, and the grave-diggers, so that the Ghost be left. A civil engineer and a Polytechnic lecturer have given a new direction to our dramatic literature. Dramas are written for their spectres. At present these looking-glass ghosts keep very disreputable company. They are mixed up with midnight assassins. Their revelations are of poisoned goblets and knives. They have a churchyard air about them, and vanish with the cock-crow. But familiarity breeds contempt, and there are not wanting signs that the new patent Ghost will speedily descend into the regions of comedy and farce. Our modern burlesque writers are not endowed with extraordinary bumps of veneration, and they are already sharpening their pens with the intent of making capital out of him and "seeing what he is made of." The Christmas pantomimes will be sure to have him. The least imaginative urchin may already speculate on the boisterous fun which will greet his appearance. He will rise at the graceful wave of Harlequin's wand. The conscience-stricken Clown will behold the apparition at first with trembling knees, and face distorted by terror, and will then take the maddest somersaults to avoid him. It is Pantaloons destiny to be buffeted and upset, but the Ghost threatens him with such unequalled distress of body and mind that his salary ought to stand on a new footing from the first night of the Christmas pantomime.

While it is probable, therefore, that the new "reign of terror" will not be of long duration, it may not be amiss to inquire whether the British drama is likely to gain anything by the novel optical illusion? We quoted last week the chapter in "Tom Jones" in which Partridge is taken to see David Garrick in "Hamlet." Fielding here describes with admirable clearness the true function of a dramatic ghost. Partridge cares nothing for the ghost *per se*. He criticises his apparel, as we saw last week, and is certain that "ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." It was the genius of the actor that was to give the ghost all his terrors. Partridge was not to be persuaded by Tom Jones that the "man in the strange dress" was a ghost, but when Hamlet appeared, and saw the ghost, Fielding says that "Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other." Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior on the stage? "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything; for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost it could do no one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company: yet if I was frightened I am not the only person." "Why, who," cried Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here, besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage [Garrick] is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life." Then Partridge's commentary on the colloquy between the Ghost and Hamlet shows how completely he was carried away by sympathy with the actor. "Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then! Will you? Lord have mercy upon such fool-hardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil; for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again! No farther? No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir! don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the Ghost he sits with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth wide open. "The same passions," says the novelist, "which succeeded each other in 'Hamlet' succeeded likewise in him." When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectation; you enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them; not that it was the Ghost that surprised me neither, for I should have known that to be only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

This is the true philosophy of stage apparitions. They appal not of themselves, however perfect, but through the actor. We see the

ghost of the royal Dane with Hamlet's eyes. Banquo's ghost would freeze our blood not the less, but perhaps the more, if he were invisible to our eyes, so that the actor could adequately represent the horror of Macbeth. Richard the Third sees a dozen ghosts, which move us not a whit except in so far as they move him. Some enterprising manager in possession of the requisite mirror and ghost apparatus will doubtless put an unreal dagger before Macbeth. A consummate actor makes us *feel* that he sees a dagger, and a bad actor will fail to do as much, although we see it distinctly ourselves, and although the illusion may be perfect. Partridge's words cannot be too often repeated by managers and actors in "Dead Guests" and other ghost-dramas—"When I saw the little man frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." If they wish to move others, they must first feel themselves.

The ability to conjure up a good ghost will do little for the stage so long as managers forget that the true function of a dramatic ghost is not to frighten the audience directly, but to move them through the actor. The more perfect the illusion the more powerfully it should act upon Hamlet or Macbeth. The audience will more readily allow themselves to be carried away by a good ghost than a bad one, because the horror of the actor is more easily conceived and understood. But when, in the lower order of dramas, which the new illusion has brought into the market, the ghost is put into the foremost place and made the true hero of the piece—when the play is made for the ghost and not the ghost for the play—a poor attempt is made to cheat the senses where the great masters of the drama appealed to the imagination and the intellect. The ghost is master of the situation, and the actor who should stand between him and the audience would be hissed by the pit and bullied by the stage-manager. In the triumph the poet and player ought to follow in the wake of the property-man. The stage-carpenter must be led on by the manager to receive the bouquets, and the size and clearness of the plate-glass must be the theme of critical eulogium instead of the language of the poet or the skill of the actor. The upholsterer has had rather too much to do with the drama of late. Shall we mend matters much if we replace him by the carver and gilder? It is very doubtful whether our eye-sight is deceived, when the smallest boy in the gallery can give a scientific reason for the phantasm. It is certain that our feelings and imagination are unaffected unless we see, as Partridge did, the supernatural appearance through the genius of the poet and passion of the actor.

People take only a slender interest in ghosts, and find it difficult to sympathize with them. Ghosts are not in love. They have escaped the Income-tax. They cannot be garrotted or drawn in a conscription. Their widows are married again, and the Queen's Advocate has, in the Probate Court, publicly expressed his doubts whether they could have been quite sane when they made their wills. They are, therefore, *de trop*, and no one wishes them to make a prolonged stay. But show us a man who is really frightened at the sight of a ghost, and the element of human interest is quickened within us. We too have knees to quake, a tongue that might refuse to obey the will, hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. His terror is our terror, and, in the language of Fielding, the same passions which succeed each other in "Hamlet" succeed each other in ourselves. We like to know how a man would behave if a real spectre appeared to him. The poet knows how to exalt our imaginations while we are thus witnessing a colloquy between the living and the dead. But is anybody's imagination aroused by one of Professor Pepper's ghosts? Do we even care whether he excites emotions in the actor? No; he is a mere dramatic property—the shade of a shade—something that can neither be clutched nor respected. For these reasons we believe we adopt the language of the best theatrical critics of the day when we say that the modern ghost is not only worthless, but positively mischievous, seeing that he does away with a higher agency by which our feelings are affected through the imagination, and substitutes a lower one, by which a momentary excitement is produced through the senses.

THE SCILLY ISLES.

THE traveller who visits the Land's End—"the youth who, daily, farther from the East must travel,"—sees the dim outline of lands still more westerly. At a distance of some thirty miles, in a direction a little south of west, appear, thickly set together, the islets and rocks of Scilly. There is a mania which has perhaps not yet received due recognition, but the existence of which is incontrovertible. Many a man must confess to himself that he never sees a rock out at sea, but he longs to put his foot upon it. It is

useless to tell him that rocks are but rocks, and fishermen but fishermen; like his brother, the Alpine Club-man, where others see sameness he detects an infinite variety; others may prize of danger, he rests only upon achievement. Such a man has been known to wander down to the dreary end of Carnarvon, that he may sail from Aberdaron to the ever-tumbling shore of Bardsey; he has loitered about Clovelly to make a passage with the weekly groceries in a fishing-boat to Lundy; the dangers of Corrievreckan have only served to spice the pleasure of a visit to lonely Colonsay. The slave of the island-passion standing at the Land's End, knows that he must visit Scilly, and turns backwards about ten miles to Penzance, bent on accomplishing his purpose. Thence, he has learnt, a little screw steamer sails three times a week, and in about five hours makes the voyage to these rocks,—

"Placed far amid the melancholy main."

Penzance is a busy little town, and seen from the deck of the steamer as it slips its moorings and steams out of the Mount's Bay, presents an appearance of great beauty; the houses are irregularly scattered over the slopes of a ridge running seaward between well-wooded valleys, whilst not a few fields, gardens, and orchards seem to have penetrated into the heart of the town, so that the white houses are set in green. In the opposite corner of the bay, at a distance of two or three miles, are Marazion, and "the great vision of the guarded Mount." The steamer soon carries the traveller out of sight of these, but as its course for the first ten or twelve miles lies close along the shore, there appears a constant succession of valleys with their fishing villages, separated from one another by rocky headlands, till at length the steamer arrives opposite the Land's End, and fairly stretches across the Atlantic to Scilly. This is the site of the fabled Lionesse, with its five hundred and more parish churches, the country where "all day long the noise of battle roll'd." But geologists will not hear of the submersion of Arthur's country, and even antiquarians, whilst confessing the impossibility of completely fixing the Arthurian geography, identify Lionesse with the country of the Léonnois across the channel in Brittany. Happy is the voyager who has the power of thinking of Arthur when between the Land's End and Scilly; the cross tides which run around the land and between the islands produce even in fine weather a constant tumble there, which is fatal to the equanimity of many a passenger. But soon the islands, which lie too low to be seen from the deck of the steamer when opposite the Land's End, become visible; a day-mark placed on the nearest is detected, then the outlying rocks become separately traceable, and presently the steamer is sailing around the south side of the principal island, St. Mary's, or if the tide allows sufficient depth of water, it takes the shorter course on the north side between St. Mary's and St. Martin's, and comes to an anchor at St. Mary's pier.

The first feeling of the island-hunter, when the steamer enters the anchorage, is one of delight at the number of his prey. Islets innumerable lie about him. St. Mary's, the largest, is the extreme south-eastern member of the group; St. Agnes, with a lighthouse, lies to the south-west; and the three other inhabited islands, Bryher, Tresco, and St. Martin's, lie along the north. Sampson, formerly inhabited but now depopulated, is at the west; and amongst and around these are scattered thirty or forty grass-bearing islets and a countless number of rocks. At low water, rocks appear, the existence of which at other times is shown by a constant foam over their lurking-places, but this addition to the number of separate rocks visible is compensated for by the fact that others which are separated at high water coalesce at the ebb. A good boatman might spend a week or a fortnight in summer about this group with great satisfaction. Taking up his quarters at St. Mary's, where there are three or four very decent inns, he could make daily trips to ever new islets; the four on which men support existence, the fifth recently deserted, a score or more where rabbits breed, and in summer a few cattle get pasture; others haunted by sea-fowl; and away on the extreme south-west the Bishop Rock, with its newly erected lighthouse, inaccessible for long weeks in winter, warning the homeward-bound that they are approaching these dangerous isles. The zoophyte-gatherer may spend a still longer time, as Mr. G. H. Lewes has shown in his "Seaside Studies;" but, pleasant as his occupation may be, it is pleasanter far to do nothing. To have for a companion an old boatman, fisherman, or pilot—a man of gentle manners, as such men so often are—a man who has known a thousand storms, and is serious as one who has met danger, and quiet as one who has faced death—silent if need be, or anon chirping some reminiscence of his early stirring life,—and with him to glide in and out among the islets, catching the useful wind or now and then pulling a lazy

our, approaching maybe some rock which can only be neared after weeks of fine weather, approaching it as cautiously as you would a sleeping lion ;—at other times running with a brisker breeze through a narrow channel, where the least *soupçon* of danger is got from the black jagged rock on the left and from the breakers which betoken the hidden shoal on the right—sea-anemones are good, and let us despise no one ;—but what are sea-anemones to such a life, rich in present fruits, rich in memories ?

If at any time the visitor thus using Scilly desires some definite object of thought, he can meditate over the fashion of its government, which is, perhaps, its most distinguishing characteristic. Stranger than the fantastic forms assumed by the rotting granite at Peninis, more remarkable than the tropical plants growing freely in the open air is the political constitution under which the islanders live. It is a pure autocracy done in little, and carried out with all the delicacy and perfection of a miniature. All the islands belong to one man, and the inhabitants are absolutely subject to his will. To do his bidding or to depart is the alternative presented to them ; nay, even this may be denied them, for to depart may be his bidding. Nowhere else probably is the will of the ruler so absolute and so energetic ; nowhere else does the condition of the people so completely represent the will of their ruler. Never was the experiment of imperialism undertaken under more favourable circumstances, and never perhaps has it succeeded so well in accomplishing its objects.

The Scilly islands have, ever since the dissolution of monasteries, been a royal property, and appear in some obscure fashion to have been annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall, but the royal ownership has been little more than nominal, as the islands have almost always been in the hands of lessees. In 1571, Elizabeth leased them to Sir Francis Godolphin for thirty-eight years, and by constant renewals they remained with the Godolphin family and their representatives, the Dukes of Leeds (the Commonwealth time excepted), until some thirty years since. The leases comprised all the islands, with their sounds and harbours, and conferred on the lessees conclusive jurisdiction in all plaints and causes ; heresies, treasons, matters of life and limb, and Admiralty questions excepted. How liberally this power was construed appears in the pages of the oldest and in many respects the best historian of Scilly—Heath, who wrote in 1750. The lessee, or as he was then and is still termed, the lord proprietor, created a court of twelve, who were little scrupulous about the limits of their power. At one time we find them issuing an order prohibiting masters of vessels from importing strangers or exporting residents under a penalty of ten pounds ; at another time a troublesome thief is ordered to be put on board the first of his Majesty's ships of war which might call ; again, one James Child being “accused by James Thomas of fraudulently taking one of his sheep, which, by strong circumstances, appeared to be true, the Court recommended the parties to settle the matter between themselves, and James Child agreed to pay James Thomas nine shillings for the sheep. The said James Child was judged by the court incapable of keeping any fire-arms or any other offensive weapons in his house during the war ; and that he shall be careful to go into the garrison whenever the warning-gun shall be fired, and if he neglects he is immediately taken into custody and used as a traitor.” Flat burglary as ever was committed ! The temporal welfare of the islands being thus taken care of, their spiritual condition was not neglected. The proprietor appointed a chaplain, some Fleet parson, who resided on the principal island, received a small salary, and eked it out with what surplice fees he could get. “On the other islands,” says Heath, “four teachers, who are fishermen, are appointed to read prayers, and preach in their respective churches according to the doctrine of the Church of England. They are men chosen for their exemplary morals, and are no ill grace to the pulpit. Their reward is their reputation, in which they endeavour to excel ; and they practise goodness for esteem. What is further remarkable of these off-island clergy, they take no surplice fees nor require any.” It is scarcely surprising, with body and soul thus protected, with no writs running in the islands, and bailiffs kept at a distance, that Heath should break out into song—

“ O, blest SCILLONIANS ! Favourites of Heaven !
To whom so wise a Governor is given,
You never felt the Iron-Hand of Power,
Oppression never landed on your Shore ;
The Pride of Office never frowned on you.
No Harpy Lawyers do your Islands know ;
No Tipstaffs, Bailiffs, Petty-foggers, dare
Presume to stretch their gripping Talons there,
Since a GODOLPHIN, with pacific Sway,
Has ruled your Isles as Phœbus rules the Day.”

But the picture had a darker side. With an absent lessee, a

great officer of state too much occupied to attend to this unprofitable and distant property, the great mass of inhabitants annual tenants, and the few exceptions only holding some short term of underlease, the islands degenerated into the condition of a little Ireland. Rents were unaltered, and it began to be regarded as a matter of right that they should remain so ; a few acres farmed by a father were split up at his death among his sons ; things of permanent utility went to ruin through the unwillingness of the lessee and the inability of the islanders to keep them in repair. Sea-walls were washed away, churches rotted, the population doubled, the standard of living fell, every winter there was a famine. Then came the usual course, Government grants, charitable subscriptions, bounties for fishing, encouragement towards making kelp, all to little purpose, and the fate of pauperism seemed destined to cleave to Scilly, when, luckily enough, the islands reverted to William IV., and were granted by him to a new lessee, who has totally changed their condition.

The lessee in question was Mr. A. Smith, the M.P. for Truro, known in the House for his zeal for small economies and the great question of fore-shores, and whose connection with Scilly is perhaps only recognized as fortunately furnishing him with a distinctive phenomenon, a thing useful, or rather essential, to the great Smith family. The honourable member is a Liberal, but political principles do not hamper his government of the Scilly Islands. There he is a wise and benevolent autocrat, the happy accident which Alexander called himself in answer to the eulogies of Madame de Staél. Circumstances favoured his enterprise. Taking the islands just after the Reform Bill, he has had all the benefit of the free-trade legislation which has so enormously increased our foreign trade and made Scilly a place of continuous ship-building. The silent revolution of steam, again, has brought the islands close to the home markets, and converted large portions of them into gardens, whence London is supplied with the earliest potatoes. Lastly, though many a lord of a manor exercises ownership over large parishes, there is generally some little freeholder who is the fly in his ointment, and at the last his border is reached, whence a recalcitrant tenant may grin at him over the hedge ; the lessee of Scilly has the satisfaction of knowing that thirty miles of sea separate him from his nearest neighbour. But circumstances would have availed little without a resident landlord possessing a cool head and firm hand. Mr. Smith, at the outset, took up his residence in Scilly, and built himself a house close to the ruins of the Abbey—converting, by the by, with questionable taste, the area of the Abbey Church, its walls, its graveyard, and its graves, into an ornamental garden. Next, the fields were consolidated into moderate holdings ; those who were dispossessed were ordered to turn to other occupations, or to seek a wider field for their energies in the neighbouring county. Paupers were resolutely deported to the mainland. The population being thus reduced, any attempt to increase it was strictly watched. It is not known that any order prescribed the number of children permissible in a family, but their destination in life was carefully controlled. If a farmer showed a tendency to keep two or three sons about him, he was warned that one was sufficient for the farm,—let the others be one a shipwright, one a sailor, and a fourth might go to Penzance and be an artisan or a tradesman ; if the farmer objected, the passage to Cornwall was open to all, and his year expired next Michaelmas. Schools have been established. A new and large pier has been built. Roads have been made by a species of *corvée*. The council of twelve still exists, but their power is slight where the lessee resides. The effect of this paternal superintendence has been the transformation of pauperism into prosperity. Although the population is now again as large as it ever was, and amounts to nearly three thousand persons, there may be said to be no poor amongst them. Land has been brought into cultivation which formerly lay barren, ship-building has been increased, and a fleet of vessels hailing from Scilly help to maintain the carrying trade of the empire.

This is the political problem you may ruminate over as your boat glides through Crow Sound or doubles under Peninis. It is probable that it will be forced more keenly upon your mind by the difficulty you have had in getting a boat at all ; well-to-do and thriving islanders do not lay themselves out for the casual gains to be got from inquisitive strangers. But with all the prosperity attendant upon this paternal government, there remains the question whether it has not its limits. Can it be approved under any other than exceptional circumstances ? Can it ever be approved as a permanent system ? It may be said, a landowner may do what he likes with his own ; but the proposition admits of doubt. It is, of course, true as a matter of law ; but, as a question of morals, are any considerations admissible in the letting of land which have

no place in the selling of sugar? Here, however, our boat is getting upon the rocks, and it behoves us to shift the mainsail, jam the helm a-port, and be silent.

UNWHOLESOME MEAT.

MR. GAMGEE's Report respecting the sale of diseased meat, in the last Blue-book issued by Mr. Simon, is so startling a communication, that we are somewhat surprised it has not made more noise at this season when sensations are so scarce. Mr. Gamgee, who is the Principal of the Veterinary College, Edinburgh, and is perhaps the best authority in the kingdom on such matters, tells us that during the six years ending 1860, disease caused a loss among the stock of the three kingdoms of no less than 2,255,100 cattle, fully one half of which was due to pleuro-pneumonia—a disease which was imported from the Continent when free trade turned the attention of foreign breeders towards our markets. The loss in sheep and pigs has not been quite so large, but it has been sufficiently great to account for the high prices maintained by our butchers, during a period when all other kinds of produce have been gradually falling. This astounding loss, the money value of which is calculated at £25,934,650, not only affects the British consumer in a pecuniary point of view, but there is good reason to believe that it affects him still more, in a sanitary point of view. As long as it is a mere money loss, we may console ourselves with the idea that that is made up by the penny or three-halfpence a pound we pay extra for our meat; but we are afraid we cannot make things pleasant in this manner, for we are told that at least *one-fifth* of the animals that have thus died of disease, or have been killed to save appearances whilst in the act of dying, are slaughtered and sold: a very large percentage finding its way to the London market.

This is a matter which touches us all; for we are accustomed to believe in our roast beef, and it is not pleasant to be told that we stand a very good chance of consuming a sirloin cut from a beast that suffered for months from diseased lungs. The reader may flatter himself that his respectable butcher would not slaughter a diseased beast, but unfortunately this belief will not save him; for, since the introduction of railways, it has been the practice to kill in the country, even as far away as Dundee, and to forward the carcasses by rail to the metropolitan markets, whence the town butchers supply their supplementary wants. Neither can we depend upon the butcher's judgment in buying for his customers only sound meat; for Mr. Gamgee tells us that from all sources the dead-meat markets are contaminated by the carcasses of diseased animals, doctored and dressed with healthy fat, so as to deceive the best judges. And so far as these are derived from the country, the receivers may have no means of knowing that the animals were diseased. Many of the worst forms of disease are very sudden, and very slightly affect the colour and texture of the muscular apparatus. A fine fat bullock with florid meat may have died from splenic apoplexy, or been merely killed *pro formâ*, when already on the point of death. Remove the spleen, and the carcase appears sound. Yet dogs and pigs in this country will die from eating any portion of such cattle, although it has been cooked. This certainly is not a consolatory statement. It shows that but a small portion of the mischief is reached by the constables acting under the officers of health, although we are told that from one to two tons of impure meat are seized weekly and destroyed in Newgate Market alone. This foul food falls to the share of the poor mainly, but not altogether, as the most respectable butchers occasionally resort to the dead-meat markets to supply their customers with "prime cuts." That this diseased meat is productive of much illness among the population admits of no manner of doubt. And it is not only the sirloin that is little to be trusted, but the leg of mutton and the mutton chop. Of late years, chiefly since foreign importations have taken place, sheep and calves have been liable to epidemics of anthrax,—a blood disease expressing itself in a carbuncular form. Mr. Gamgee, indeed, unhesitatingly states that we may ascribe the very remarkable prevalence of carbuncular boils in these islands within the last twelve years to this cause. The tendency of all substances which possess a cadaveric venom to produce boils in the human frame is well known, and it must have been observed that these boils attack persons suddenly, who are otherwise in possession of robust health. But how are we to combat the evil? Nothing less than a system which covers the entire country can do this, in the opinion of Mr. Gamgee; and it is, indeed, certain that the assistants of the City officer of health are quite incompetent to do it, from the fact that a large proportion of the dead meat is forwarded direct to the metropolitan butchers. If

our readers will only think for a moment of the number of mutton chops required to supply the eating-houses and coffee-houses of London, he must see that they must come from a vastly greater number of necks and saddles than the carcasses that are slaughtered in town can supply. It would seem that an inspection of the country slaughter-houses is imperatively called for to stop this flow of diseased meat to town. The question naturally suggests itself to the reader—If cattle are suffering from disease to the extent Mr. Gamgee says they are, what is the condition of our milk? Our town dairies are the most frightful centres of this very contagious lung fever, pleuro-pneumonia. Out of 88 dairies in Edinburgh, containing 1,839 milking cows, in 1860, no less than 791 thus diseased were slaughtered for butchers' meat, and 284 sold for pig meat. In Dublin, more than 50 per cent. died in the same year, and were, of course, sold for food. Such a tremendous loss, we are told, the cowkeepers cannot support alone without ruin, and they, consequently, take it out of the public in the shape of "water, diseased milk, and diseased cow meat." Here, it is clear, the law has the power of preventing such a vitiation of our food, and the food of tender infants. The town dairies should be under inspection, and on the very first symptom of lung disease showing itself, the animal should be slaughtered, and the carcase destroyed under the eye of the inspecting officer himself. We have no manner of doubt that the diseased milk issuing from these dairies, although not perceptibly prejudicial to the health of adults, is singularly so to tender infants. When we remember that a mere fit of passion on the part of a nurse is sufficient to poison the nutriment she offers to her child, and cause it severe bowel disorder, we may well imagine that permanently diseased milk from a cow suffering from fever must be highly prejudicial to young children.

There is another source of uneasiness and ill-health, however, which we can directly trace to diseased meat. There can be no manner of doubt that human beings suffer from intestinal worms, through eating what is termed *measly pork*. In a very large proportion of the Irish pigs, the larvae of the tape-worm are to be found. So well is this fact recognized in the sister kingdom, that in the transactions between the breeder and the pig butcher, the services of a professional are called in, who goes by the name of "the *measle trier*." "Every pig has its *measle*," according to Paddy, and it is the duty of this individual to find it out in order to depreciate the price of the pig. The *measle* is the fecundated ova of the *taenia solium*; and it is generally to be found in the muscular structure of the animal. Before the bargain is struck the *measle trier* either makes deep incisions in the porker's tongue, or he cuts him in the rump muscles, where they are usually found, and their discovery at once lowers the pig's value. If the presence of these parasites in flesh intended for human food is disgusting, we cannot derive much consolation from the fact that such meat, in consequence of its being riddled by worms, "takes the pickle better," and apparently presents the appearance of being better cured bacon and ham. We are told that all the *measly* pigs, and the *measly* bacon and hams, are forwarded to London, the Irish being too knowing to buy it. Really, the attentions of our country cousins are too touching. But we may at least circumvent Paddy by declining his porcine delicacies in favour of our own, as we are told that the *measle* is unknown in Wiltshire bacon or Yorkshire hams. Mr. Gamgee tells us that at least 50,000 pigs in Ireland are full of these *measles*, or undeveloped tape-worms, and that for every pig thus colonized by a parasite there is one human being similarly afflicted through eating its flesh. It has long been a puzzle to physiologists how the parasite is transferred to the human body. Where pig meat is eaten raw, as it is by some persons under the idea that it "improves their wind," there is no difficulty about the matter; but cured and cooked ham or bacon, it has been supposed, has been subjected to heat fatal to the parasite's life. But this has been a mere supposition, and there is sufficient evidence to lead us to believe that these hardy creatures survive the heat of cooking, especially in underdone pork, and in bacon and ham, and thus find their way into the human intestines where the filthy tapeworm is in course of time developed. The tapeworm, however, is not the only parasite we are apt to contract through eating pig-meat; quite recently it has been discovered that a very small thread-worm, the *trichina spiralis*, affects the flesh of beasts, and is capable of similarly affecting that of man. Professor Zinker, of Dresden, mentions a case where a servant girl, who had been occupied in pig curing with other farm servants, and, as it was supposed, had taken a small taste of the raw sausage-meat made from a diseased pig, fell ill, and died in five weeks, when it was discovered that her body swarmed with *trichinæ*, and with myriads of the larvae. Other servants were similarly affected, although it only made them feel ill. The Pro-

fessor states that he has found similar parasites in his *post mortem* examinations. This is not calculated to make us particularly fond of pork, especially town-fed pork. It is a very common practice for butchers to feed pigs upon the refuse of their slaughter-houses, and to give them those diseased portions of the animals they slaughter, which even the sausage-makers will not use; for this cause the ordinary butcher's pork, as a rule, is anything but wholesome, and is particularly open to the fear of containing the larvae of these intestinal worms.

Mr. Gamgee is of opinion that the greater part of the disease which affects our stock to such an extent that all the agricultural insurance offices have been ruined through the mortality—is preventable. The epidemic diseases are due entirely to contagion, and are wholly of foreign origin, which might in great part be arrested at our ports of entry; the destructive endemic diseases, on the other hand, are due to malaria, which good drainage would dispel; whilst there is another source of disease, which is wholly due to the ignorance of man—namely, that arising from high feeding. Oil cake has the same effect upon beasts as too much turtle and other aldermanic feeding has upon men, and plethora and anthrax may be said to be brought about by the prize shows and medals of our agricultural meetings. It certainly seems strange that whilst we are perceiving the necessity for active exercise in human beings, and are acting upon our knowledge, we are taking the very opposite course with our live stock—taking them from their fields, where they roam to find their own food, and shutting them up in close sheds in order to fatten and breed blood diseases, which ultimately tell upon ourselves.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAM-SHIP.

SURELY there never was so unfortunate a ship as the *Great Eastern*. She grew out of a disappointment, and her whole career, from the time she was ready to take the water to the present, has been one of bitterness and loss. Rather better than ten years ago, the company which laid her down applied to the Government for a postal subsidy to the East in vain. Mr. Brunel, the company's engineer, sketched a plan by which this difficulty could be got over by a monster ship, so large that it could carry ten thousand passengers; capacious enough to stow away coals sufficient for the whole voyage, thus obviating the delay of coaling upon the road; while its superior speed would enable it to effect the passage to India very nearly as quickly as it could be done by the route of the Peninsular and Overland Railway Company, and at a much reduced expense. The project was bold and promising, and before long the big ship was laid down at Millwall. All went well till she came to be launched, and from that moment all went ill. Never was ship so ill-fated. She broke the Company in the attempt to launch her. On her trial trip one of her boilers burst, killing half-a-dozen of the crew. Shortly afterwards she was nearly wrecked in Holyhead harbour; then her captain was drowned; then, on her voyage home from New York, she rolled so abominably that she went nigh to pounding chairs, tables, luggage, chandeliers, and passengers into an indistinguishable mass; then she had to be put for months on a gridiron; then she broke her outer skin on a rock off Montauk Point; then she made another boisterous passage home to the imminent peril of her passengers, finishing her voyage by running down the *Jane* in the Irish Channel; and now—she is to be sold. Yet there is no such ship afloat. Neptune has tumbled her about in his most fearful fashion; he has penned her up in a narrow harbour and let in all the wrath of winds and waves against her; he has buffeted her on the Atlantic, driven a rock right into her, and otherwise put her "timbers" to the severest test, yet the big ship is afloat. That vast construction, that great city on the deep, seems capable of supporting everything but her shareholders. And, judging by past experience, one company after another may be formed, and the resources of each be exhausted, even to the day when the New Zealand artist shall take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's—yet the big ship may still plough the deep—so impregnable is her strength, so triumphant over every assault her unfailing vitality.

But fate is stronger than man; and as fate has decreed that the affairs of the *Great Eastern* are to be perpetually bungled, the only use we can make of that knowledge is studiously to refrain from purchasing her shares. In May, June, and August of the present year she has made three voyages, out and home, to New York, in which she has carried 3,695 passengers. From freight and passage-money she has received in all £37,308. Large as this sum may seem to the uninitiated it is just £20,000 less than the cost it took to make it. So that the three voyages have left a loss of

£20,000; and the general embarrassment of the Company is such that unless £30,000 are immediately forthcoming to pay off existing trade debts, the big ship, big as she is, must go. Even she, the Leviathan, is not exempt from the vulgar powers of the sheriff's officer. And when these thirty thousand pounds' worth of debts have been paid off, the *Great Eastern* cannot stir a mile on a new expedition till we know not how many thousand more have been provided, in one way or another, to get her steam up. Yet the ship has enormous advantages. She can do in one voyage the work of half a dozen steam-ships, and instead of being a loss to her Company ought to be a naval *El Dorado*. The last report of the directors throws curious light upon this point. It appears that if the *Great Eastern* had made its voyages this year at the rates, for freight and passage-money, of last year, she would just have cleared her expenses. There seems to have been an endeavour on the part of the competing companies to run the big ship off the line. This has led to such a diminution of the rates that, instead of just bringing herself home, she is £20,000 in arrear of her expenses. But this statement only approximates the miserable state of affairs into which the Company has fallen. "Your directors," says the Report, "must impress upon the proprietors that the position of the Company's affairs is most critical, and that immediate steps must be taken either to raise additional capital for the prosecution of the undertaking or to dissolve the Company; this latter alternative your directors feel would amount to a total sacrifice of the property of the ordinary shareholders. It is for the proprietors to determine what is to be done. The ship cannot be retained in the possession of the Company unless funds be raised immediately to pay off the existing trade debts, amounting to £30,002. 19s. 4d., and whatever employment may be designed for her a further sum will be required for the necessary outfit, and the repairs needful for the efficient maintenance of the ship." When we are told that the working expenses in one year are £20,000 more than her earnings, and in the next breath that £30,000 must be raised at once to pay off existing trade debts, we see that even the directors have not fully realized the disastrous position of their property.

But take the deficiency at the lower sum of £20,000; and admit that this loss has resulted from the severity of competition. How has it happened that the competing companies have been able to endure the strain, and that the *Great Eastern* Company has not? Their ship should have suffered less than the smaller ships of their rivals; yet the latter have stood their ground, while the former lies under the cold shade of the auctioneer's hammer. We are unable to answer this question; and we know enough of the way in which directors make things comfortable while they can, and smooth down their discomfort when it can no longer be concealed, to hold out no hope that it will ever be answered. But there is quite enough to show that the disastrous state of the Company's affairs has not been wholly due to misfortune. Take, for instance, the expensive accident off Montauk Point. In the accounts of expenditure rendered to the Company, there is an item of £5,847 put down for insurance. But the underwriters were not called upon to make good the expenses incurred by that accident. Indeed the directors had managed their affairs so well that they forfeited their claim on the underwriters, by putting their own pilot on board the ship, and, so, taking the risk upon themselves. How many thousand pounds went by the board through this sapient policy we cannot say. But, possibly, added to the loss of time, which is loss of money, incurred by the accident, the pecuniary damage to the Company exceeded the whole of the sum which must now be raised to pay off existing debts. The discreet act of the directors in placing their own pilot on board may thus have made all the difference between solvency and insolvency. Is it not possible that this is not the only instance in which the directors have muddled the affairs of the Company? The directors of the great ship seem to have been as hostile to her fortunes as rocks and winds. With all her undoubted success as a seaworthy vessel, the attempt to turn her to profitable account has been very much like the operation of pouring water upon sand. At this moment, if she is sold, the first claim to be satisfied out of the proceeds is a debenture debt of £100,000; the next, the preference stock of £100,000, with dividend at 17½ per cent. Both these sums must be paid off in priority to the ordinary capital, which amounts to £303,304; and then there is a sum of £30,000—more probably £40,000—in the shape of trade debts owing by the Company. Whatever may be the fate of the other items, it is tolerably certain that the holders of the ordinary capital will not receive a shilling in the pound.

It is clear to us that the loose screw in the fortunes of the big ship has been her management by a board of directors. In the

hands of a company, composed of three or four individuals, she would have been a success; that is, she would have paid. In the hands of a multitudinous company, her capacity for the exhaustion of funds has been as great as her capacity for the stowage of goods and passengers. Into her huge maw successive companies have poured their hundreds of thousands, and she is not yet satisfied. But this has not been her fault. Bating her one defect of rolling in a heavy sea, she is as manageable as a vessel one-tenth her size; and why she, of all the ships afloat, should be a permanent and invariable loss to her proprietors, with such signal power of being a source of wealth to them, we can only understand on the theory that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and that where a ship or a railway is managed by a numerous and irresponsible body the probable result will be—failure.

"TAP-UP SUNDAY."

WE think it would puzzle the most learned in the local privileges of England to say what is the peculiar character of that particular Sabbath in the year which is honoured by the designation given in the heading of this article. Yet the men who enjoy its immunities live almost at our very doors, and they have exercised their right for generations, not in pursuance of some custom prevalent for a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and springing from some usage of barbaric times, but in pursuance of a Royal charter granted by some monarch who appears to have thought that the most welcome boon he could bestow upon his lieges in that locality was an unlimited supply of beer. Like everything else, beer has its good points; and possibly it enters into the formation of the best qualities of the national character more than the theorists of a temperance age may be disposed to admit. But as a preparation for the exercises of Sunday, neither this nor any age with which we are acquainted would credit it with so edifying an influence as to recommend its unstinted use from cock-crow to sun-down; nor does it appear that the charter has specifically enjoined it as one of the spiritual exercises to be observed on the Sabbath preceding the annual fair day of St. Catherine's. But, whatever the motive, there is no doubt that the charter empowers the landlords of the village "publics" to "tap-up" upon that Sunday with all their might; and as vigorous "tapping-up" implies vigorous draining down, we are not surprised to learn that the Sabbath in question has been for generations a day of hard drinking and boisterous mirth. Guildford and London must wait for their dinner beer, on that, as on every other Sunday of the year, till one o'clock. But St. Catherine's knows no restriction. Its favoured inhabitants can on that day laugh to scorn the prejudices of the clergy and the frowns of the police; and if a stranger entering the village finds that he has suddenly emerged from decorous England into an oasis of beer-drinking; if he observes that the people are alive with merriment and disposed for practical jokes more rough than witty; if he finds that he has to make his way through a storm of chesnuts and horse-laughter, and that beer-cans have for the time usurped the place of prayer-books; he will be cautious, if his vocation ever calls him into the direction of St. Catherine's again, to make his journey, either before "Tap-Sunday," or after its chartered pleasures have passed away.

It is not to the credit of the local gentry that the immunities of the village have been allowed so long to survive the decency of the age; but the reform they have neglected to secure will, we trust, be effected by the disgraceful disturbances of Sunday last. On that day the annual merriment of St. Catherine's degenerated into a scene of brutality hardly credible. A mob of four hundred "roughs" from Guildford lined either side of the road through the village, and prepared to celebrate the day by acts of the most wanton ruffianism. As soon as any peaceable passengers got fairly into their power they assaulted them, beat them, kicked them, stoned them, and tore their clothes off their backs. One lady had her bonnet torn from her head; a gentleman and his daughter escaped through a shower of missiles, the latter half-dead with fright; three gentlemen walking arm-in-arm were assaulted, one of them severely wounded in the leg from the kicks of his assailants, while the others had their hats completely smashed and their coats torn to shreds; several ladies unprotected were assaulted, their shawls and dresses stolen, and the eye of one of them nearly cut out by a stone. In this way the day wore on, the spirits of the mob rising as the process of "tapping-up" went on; and all this time there was no sign of the police. Towards evening, however, several of the county constabulary force made their appearance, but the riot had now gained such ascendancy, that, even for the public safety, they considered that it would be better to leave the mob to

their own course, and do what they could to prevent further mischief, by taking up a position at some distance from the village, on either side of it, and warning passengers to avoid the road and pursue their journey by the circuitous route of the river bank. Even this precaution proved ineffectual. The mob, seeing that fresh victims no longer came, set out in search of them, and several instances occurred of persons being pursued down the lane from St. Catherine's hill and actually driven into the river. By this time the fury of the crowd broke through all restraint. A gentleman living on the Portsmouth road conceived the bold design of appealing to the better sense of the rioters. The reply was a volley of groans and stones! They rushed to his residence, pulled up the whole of the palings around his property, carried them to the top of St. Catherine's, and, piling upon them the wooden railings stolen from the cutting between the two tunnels on the London and South-Western Railway, they lighted a large bonfire, and so wound up the pleasures of the day.

This is but a meagre sketch of the damage done to persons and property; but, meagre as it is, it points the moral of the charter under which the villagers of St. Catherine's are privileged on one Sunday in the year to hold pagan revelry from morning till night. But what has been the conduct of the authorities who, aware of this charter and the annual exercise of its disgraceful privilege, have made no provision for the security of the public peace, but have left those of her Majesty's subjects who reside in the neighbourhood, and who are not disposed to avail themselves of the right of unlimited drunkenness on the Sabbath, at the mercy of a brutal rabble? It is no answer to say that the villagers were not ostensibly, at least, the main promoters of the riot of last Sunday, and that all would have gone well had not Guildford poured out four hundred of its lowest inhabitants to turn the day into one of insult and outrage. None know better than the police and those who direct their movements, that the instincts of the mob lead it into acts of violence when and wherever there is an opportunity of indulging them. They know that drunkenness leads to lawlessness; and it must have been a surprise to them that the scenes of last Sunday had not occurred long before they did. Yet with the probability of outrage staring them in the face they left St. Catherine's to its fate. The mob were in undisturbed possession of the village from early morning throughout the day. It was only in the evening that the county constabulary arrived in time to find that they were powerless to do any good, and that the sooner they made their escape the better for themselves, and even for those whom it was their business to protect. Lame and impotent conclusion! But how about this charter of drunkenness? Surely another year will not see it in force. A fair-day is provocation sufficient of itself to acts of intemperance. But to pave the way for it by a week of debauchery commenced by Royal permission on the Sunday before, is a master stroke of barbarity which no language can sufficiently condemn.

THE following are to be among the papers read at the Social Science meeting in Edinburgh, which opens on the 7th instant:—In the Jurisprudence Department there will be a paper by Mr. R. R. Torrens, Registrar-General of South Australia, on "The Torrens System of Conveyancing by Registration of Titles, as in operation in Australia;" and one by Mr. Thomas Hare, being a draft of a "Bill to facilitate the acquirement of House Property by the Working Classes in large Towns." The subject of Marriage Laws is to be discussed in this department. In the Department of Education there is to be a paper by Professor Milligan of Aberdeen on "The Parish School-System of Scotland;" also one by Dr. Lees of St. Andrews on "The Scottish University System," and one by the Rev. J. P. Norris on "The Inspection of Middle Schools by the University of Cambridge." In this department also interesting discussions are arranged. In the Reformatory Department the Right Hon. C. B. Adderly, M.P., will read a paper "On the Reports of the Commissioners on Penal Servitude and Prison Discipline." Questions of temperance and of public-house licensing will come into this department. In the Public Health Department a paper on "The Sanitary Statistics of Colonial Native Schools and Hospitals," and another on "The Army in India," will be contributed by Miss Florence Nightingale; and among the other papers we note as likely to be of special interest one by Professor Christison on "The Changes that have occurred in the Type of Disease in Edinburgh during the last Fifty Years." For the Department of Social Economy nearly fifty papers have already been given in. Emigration and the Poor Laws are among the leading subjects; and on the latter we note a paper by Mr. Edwin Chadwick on "The Results of the Chief Principles of the Poor Law Administration in England and Ireland as compared with Scotland." Lancashire Distress and the progress of the Co-operative Principle are also among the subjects in the same department. Finally, in the Department of Trade and International Law many subjects are down for discussion, including that of an International Decimal System.

THE British Archaeological Association will hold their twentieth annual meeting at Leeds, during the week from the 12th to the 19th instant. Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) is the President.

CHURCH REFORM.

THE REVIVAL OF CONVOCATION, No. II.

We return to the subject of Convocation. It was made evident in our last article that the changes which time has introduced with such beneficial effects into the British Constitution, have, in one respect at least, worked disastrously for the Church—have left her in a position in which her members cannot assemble *synodically*, as a Church should, for the purpose of deliberation, or of making rules on matters relating to her divine mission. This is a fact patent to every one, whatever the Church be, whether a State Church, or that of a denomination, and whatever be the rights of the nation with regard to her, and whatever the difficulties of releasing her from so anomalous a position. In either case the result is the same—all that weakness which arises from a want of unity of purpose and of action.

But there is another view of her case to which very little attention has been directed, and which may help in no small degree to account for the steady increase of Dissent, namely, that ever since Archbishop Sheldon and his infatuated party passed the Act of Uniformity in 1662, in order to crush the Nonconformists, the shackles which bound down Dissent have been gradually loosening, while others have been contemporaneously forged to constrain the free action of the Church in her Convocations. The very reign which passed the Act of Uniformity saw Convocation shorn of the only function which invested it with interest in the eye of the State, that of granting subsidies to the Crown through the taxation of the clergy. Almost immediately after this curtailment of its rights, in the next reign but one, that of William III., the Toleration Act was passed, which gave full scope and liberty to Dissent, to spread itself through the land by every organization or power at its command. Then came the final humiliation of Convocation in the reign of George I., when he prorogued its session and withdrew the last of the Royal licences. This in its turn was followed by that outburst of Wesleyan Methodism, which drew away such vast numbers of worshippers from the Church, showing the power with which new-born liberty had invested Dissent. The measure of religious liberty, however, was not yet full; but the time of its consummation was rapidly approaching; and it did come, with Catholic Emancipation. But Convocation still remains paralyzed, while the destinies of the Church are at the mercy of Parliaments, reformed indeed, but of strangely heterogeneous composition. Look, then, at the two sides of this picture,—the Toleration Act, the free growth of Methodism, and Catholic Emancipation, on the one hand; and then the humiliation of Convocation, and a heterogeneous Parliament to legislate for her, on the other,—and can any one cease to wonder that Dissent should have grown to such vast dimensions, and that the Prayer-book of 1662 should still remain, unrevised, and unadapted to a new age, the Prayer-book of the reign of Queen Victoria?

Here, then, we have a displacement of the balance of power between the Church and Dissent. The tables are completely turned against the former, and the latter has gained an advantage. Notwithstanding the *prestige* and endowments of the Church, perfect liberty, the enlistment of the hearts and feelings, and the voluntary system, combine to win the day. Under such circumstances there is but one remedy—not exactly to restore to Convocation its ancient powers (for those would not be in harmony with the present age), but to confer on it such new powers as a *State Church* now reasonably should have, or, in a word, to *reconstitute* it.

But we shall here have the old objection thrust in our faces—that to revive Convocation would be to re-enact the stormy clerical strife which led to its suppression. There never was a grosser injustice done to the Church than in this misrepresentation, which has no more solid foundation in fact than the contentions (much exaggerated) between the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation in Queen Anne's reign as to the *re-baptizing* of Dissenters, and in that of George I. in relation to Bishop Hoadley's sermon. But the objection is really so flimsy, that it scarcely required the logic of Archbishop Whately to tear the *veil* off from it, and show that, as an argument, it proved *too much*; that, for the same reason, it would be right to refuse to allow every corporate body and legislative assembly in the world to meet for deliberation; that every municipal council in which a *fracas* had ever taken place should be silenced, the American Congress, and even England's Parliament. Indeed, as Dr. Whately has well observed, this was the very argument used by Charles I. in justification of his mad attempt to rule without a Parliament.

But the objection is really a libel on the clergy. Though, truly, from their anxiety for truth and a good spice of the *odium theologicum* they are a pugnacious race, it may on the other hand

justly be said, in the way of a counterbalance on their side, that there is no body of men more sensitive as to public opinion, or more anxious to avoid in their public capacity anything unbecoming their position. Safely, then, may the interests of the Church be committed to them, especially in an assembly where they are joined with laymen; and not only may the nation look forward to a harmony consistent with the dignity of the Church being maintained among them, but also to their periodical meetings gradually wearing down the angles and softening the feelings which at present separate them so widely.

But the absolute necessity of a revival of the powers of Convocation is best seen in connection with the other reforms needed in the Church. In the late debate in the House of Lords on the Burial Service, a particular deference was paid to the judgment of the Church in the persons of her bishops, and the question was left, for the time, in their hands for an opinion. How much more fitting a body for such a purpose would not a truly representative Convocation have been,—a body which, we are sure, even the bishops would prefer for the decision of that and other such questions? Again, let us suppose a Royal Commission, as sought for by Lord Ebury, for the Revision of the Prayer-book, were granted; and that it had sent in its report. What should be the next step to be taken? Either to issue a Royal licence for Convocation to take the recommendations into consideration, or, passing by Convocation, for Ministers to bring a bill into Parliament for carrying them out in whole or in part. It is evident which of these would be the most deferential course, as regards the Church, and which the most in harmony with ancient precedents and constitutional rights. Convocation should by right be brought into the field, at least for consultation, if not for a legislative purpose. The making of Canons and Constitutions had always been recognized as a legal right belonging to Convocation; though all such Canons, and even the ecclesiastical subsidies voted to the Crown, were required to receive the confirmation of Acts of Parliament. This right exists still; for, as Edmund Burke once acknowledged:—

"We know that Convocations of the clergy had formerly been called, and sat with nearly as much regularity to business as Parliament itself. It is now called for form only. It sits for the purpose of making some polite compliment to the King, and when that grace is said retires, and is heard of no more. It is, however, a part of the Constitution, and may be called out into act and energy whenever there is occasion."

To consult Convocation, then, would be no more than the exercise on the part of the Crown of an ancient duty, and the recognition of a constitutional right. But here, again, if it were decided to call in its aid, another question would arise—whether it should not itself be first reformed, placed on a more solid basis, and made more truly representative of the Church, as it exists in Ireland as well as in England and Wales? Indeed, without some such change, we might have reason to fear (especially if we judge of its present vitality by two remarkable products of some of its late sittings, namely, first, the opinion pronounced that the clergy might omit the Lord's Prayer before their sermons, and secondly, the refusal to entertain revision of the Liturgy in any form) that it would prove to be an obstruction rather than an advantage. Besides, the present composition of its members makes it quite unfitted to represent the Church, there being only *forty-four* representatives of the *parochial* clergy against *ninety-nine* from Cathedral chapters. Such a predominance of the Cathedral element alone, not to mention the total absence of the laity, renders it unsuited to the wants of the present age, when the parochial element vastly preponderates, and Cathedrals have become, as it were, more an ornamental than a useful part of our religious system. If her Majesty's Ministers, then, were to determine to call in the aid of Convocation, it should be on the condition that it be itself first reformed. Nor would this entail any interference with the rights of the Crown or of Parliament; for its work would be purely consultative; and if it were required to make canons, these should be afterwards submitted to Parliament and be there ratified by the legislative voice of the nation.

But let us now suppose that Government, notwithstanding these rights, were to pass by Convocation without consulting it, and persist in carrying out the recommendations of the Commissioners by a bill in Parliament, would it be just, or even expedient, even though the bishops in the House of Lords were consulted, to cast aside the opinion of the great body of Churchmen, *as such*, in the United Kingdom, and to revise our Prayer-book solely through the agency of a Parliamentary assembly? It would not be difficult to draw a ludicrous picture of the scene which would be presented as the motley group of members cast in each his contribution to Revision. But in order to remove the scene away from the Church herself, where, owing to her State connection and national character,

its incongruity is not so apparent, let us transfer it to the assembly-room of the Wesleyan Conference ; and suppose the parallel case of some question of "doctrine or pure discipline" (matters ever considered as belonging to the proper province of synods and convocations), on which the fate of Methodism depended, were about to be decided in solemn conclave ; let that conclave be composed, with pure Wesleyans, of a good sprinkling of Roman Catholics, Tractarians, High-Churchmen and Low-Churchmen, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and Unitarians ; and especially let there be present Cardinal Wiseman, Archdeacon Denison, Brother Drury of Claydon notoriety, Bishop Colenso, Dr. Jowett, Mr. Spurgeon, Drs. Vaughan, Chandler, Cumming, and Kalisch ; and other such

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
As you may !"

Now, what would our Wesleyan friends say to such a novel method of regulating the affairs of Methodism ? Let our readers but picture in their imaginations the mingled consternation and indignation visible on the countenances of Wesleyan gentlemen, as their class-meetings, lay preacherships, tea-meetings, and extemporaneous prayers were being regulated by such a discordant aggregate of counsellors ; and, *mutato nomine*, they will have a clear conception of what Parliamentary legislation in *spiritualibus* would be in principle if the Convocations of the Church of England were to remain ever silenced, and the right of synodic action, which she inherits from the first ages of Christianity, were to be any longer denied her !

In our next article, which will be the last on Convocation, we shall consider the question of its reconstruction, especially with reference to the introduction of a lay element into its composition.

LITURGICAL REVISION.—No. V.

We have, in the preceding article, remarked somewhat strongly upon the arbitrary and intolerant spirit which appears to have actuated the Laudian party of 1662 in the alterations which they then made in the Liturgy. It may, no doubt, be pleaded with some apparent reason on their behalf, that they merely acted under a natural feeling of resentment for the severities which they themselves had so lately experienced at the hands of their opponents. This, however, even if admitted as some excuse for their conduct, cannot by any means be said to justify it ; nor can it ever be accepted, as a sufficient apology for changes in themselves one-sided and exclusive, that they were prompted by a spirit of retaliation.

Be this however as it may, no excuse whatever can be pleaded for the stealthy and surreptitious manner in which the changes themselves were effected. From first to last, indeed, there seems to have been, in reference to this most important question of Liturgical amendment, an almost total want of candour and straightforward honesty of purpose in the behaviour of the Royalist or Episcopalian party towards their Puritan opponents. From the so-called "Declaration" made by Charles at Breda, down to the passing of the Act of Uniformity, the Presbyterians were deluded by promises which were never performed ; and which, so far as some at least of the ruling authorities of that period were concerned, were never, as it would appear, really meant to be performed. Of this beguiling and ungenerous policy, one of the most objectionable features, to our mind, was the insidious manner in which the contemplated changes were introduced into the Liturgy. We use the term *insidious* here, as one that is amply justified by the facts of the case, and especially by the expressed opinion of one who, although himself a High Churchman, felt, it may be presumed, a generous disgust at the duplicity which marked on this occasion the policy of the High Church party, and has therefore, much to his credit, characterized it accordingly. "The Revisors," says Mr. Alexander Knox, speaking of the alterations made at this review—

"Seized the opportunity (contrary to what the public was reckoning upon) to make our Formularies, not more Puritanical, but more Catholic. They effected this without doubt *stealthily*, and, to appear, by the minutest alteration ; but to compare the Communion Service as it now stands, especially its Rubrics, with the form in which we find it previously to that transaction, will be to discover that, without any change of features which could cause alarm, a new spirit was then breathed into our Communion Service."

This looks so like an attempt to carry out practically the unholy purpose indicated by the words quoted in our last article—"We will make them all knaves if they conform," that we are the more inclined to give implicit faith to the rumour which attributes them,

in substance at least, to Sheldon. Be this, however, as it may, such was certainly not the mode in which an affair of the first national importance, such as the revision of an Established Ritual, where publicity and straightforwardness were above all things needful, ought to have been transacted. Here, however, as in the former case, we would say, let the alterations speak for themselves. We shall take them in the order indicated by the extract above cited, beginning with the Communion Service.

And, first of all, as to the "Exhortation." In this Formula, as it occurs in the Communion Office framed by Cranmer and his associates in the year 1552, we find the following passage :—

"Wherefore it is our duty to render most humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God our heavenly Father, for that he hath given his Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, not only to die for us, but also to be our spiritual food and sustenance, as it is declared unto us, as well by God's Word as by the Holy Sacraments of his blessed body and blood."

The words which we have here placed in italics are in strict accordance with what we know to have been the established belief of our early Reformers—namely, that the office of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was, in effect, the same as that of the Word of God ;—that is, to declare and represent the saving truth and grace of Christ. This was not, however, the theory of the revising authorities of 1662 ; and accordingly, in order to adapt the passage to their own mediæval notions of sacramental efficacy, they contrived, by the change of a very few words, to introduce a most significant alteration. In our present Prayer-book the clause stands simply thus :—

"But also to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that *Holy Sacrament*."

It is evident that, by this alteration, the doctrinal import of the entire "Exhortation" has been very materially modified. And yet how insignificant does the variation at first sight appear to be. As a mere change of words, occurring in a formula of very considerable length, it is so slight as to be scarcely worthy of notice at all ; and it is, moreover, embodied in a part of the Service less likely, perhaps, than any other to attract immediate attention. How apt an illustration this of the guarded, and, as the writer above quoted fitly calls it, *stealthy* course of proceeding, by which the Laudian divines of 1662 sought to accomplish their purpose !

Other instances might be named, even in the Communion Service itself, in which this designing mode of alteration is exemplified by changes so apparently insignificant as to be almost unworthy of notice ; as, for example, the alteration of the Rubric—"And if any of the bread and wine remain, the Curate shall have it to his own use," into a form much more expressive of high sacramentarian views, and in which it is positively ordered that the consecrated elements shall "not be carried out of the church," but that the "Priest" and the communicants shall there "reverently eat and drink the same." Not to weary our readers, however, with an unnecessary enumeration of these minute but by no means unimportant alterations, we shall at present notice but a very few more of this character, connected respectively with the two important subjects of Baptismal efficacy and the absolving power of the Priest, and then pass on to other changes of a more obvious and general character.

It is sometimes argued, by those who interpret our baptismal Offices on what is called the "conditional" principle, that, although Cranmer and his fellows may be said in one sense to have held the doctrine of infant regeneration through the instrumentality of Baptism, they still considered such regeneration as *conditional*—conditional, that is, upon that assumption of a vicarious or sponsorial faith which formed in their day, as it does now, an integral part of the public ordinance. For this notion, some excuse might certainly be urged from the fact that, while the concluding thanksgiving form—"We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant with, &c.," was added by our Reformers to the *public* Office which included the sponsorial stipulations, it was carefully excluded from that of *private* Baptism, of which they do not necessarily form a part. Since the year 1662, however, even this slender plea, we submit, can no longer be urged. In our present Ritual, as then revised, the formula above recited is found, not in one only, but in *both* the Offices of baptism. The positive categorical statement, "it hath pleased thee to regenerate," &c., is one which the priest is required to utter, not as was formerly the case in exclusive connection with the sponsorial assumption, but under circumstances totally different ; that is, in a case where nothing but the *bare act* of baptism is assumed to have been performed—where no vicarious stipulations have been entered into in behalf of the child—and where, in short, there is absolutely nothing beyond the mere absence of actual guilt in

the recipient to justify the performance of the rite at all. Surely, when the Church has thus, with the clearest possible proof of premeditated design, annexed to the performance of the Baptismal rite this fresh assertion on her own part of its regenerating efficacy, she must be held to have pronounced most unmistakeably her own doctrine upon the subject, and to have precluded every artifice by which the real meaning of her Baptismal Offices can be evaded. Of course, in this as in the two cases last mentioned, the insidious character of the proceeding, as being connected with a "private" and comparatively obscure service, will not have escaped the notice of our readers; but this is a matter of slight importance, when compared with its undoubted doctrinal significance.

And so, again, of another alteration made at this period, and one so slight in appearance as only to involve the change of a single word. It was upon the occasion we are now considering that the word "priest" was first introduced into the rubric which precedes the "Absolution" in the Morning Service. Hitherto, the term used in all the preceding versions of the Prayer-book was not "priest," but "minister;" so that the absolution in question might, antecedently to this period, be pronounced by one who occupied no higher grade in the pastoral calling than that of a deacon. This alteration, as our readers will perceive, is in strict keeping with that already noticed in the Litany, where the expression "bishops, priests, and deacons," was substituted for "bishops, pastors, and ministers of the Church;" and, although equally insignificant if considered as a mere verbal change, it must be held to involve, if possible, a still more distinct recognition of the Sacerdotal principle.

Once more: as if for the purpose of carrying out as far as possible, and of introducing even into the veriest minutiae of our public forms of worship, the principle of a sacerdotal and vicarious, as distinguished from a congregational scheme of worship, we find that the revising authorities of 1662 have introduced, both into the address which precedes the general Confession in the Communion Service, and also into the two rubrics which come after it, and which precede respectively, first the Confession itself and then the so-called "Absolution" which succeeds it, the following significant alterations:—In the address as it stood in the Communion Office of 1552, the words are—"Make your humble confession to Almighty God *before this congregation here gathered together in His holy name*, meekly kneeling," &c. In our Office, as altered at the last revision, the form stands simply thus—"Make your humble confession to Almighty God, meekly kneeling," &c., all reference to the "congregation" being pointedly omitted. Again: in the rubric which follows this address, and which immediately precedes the confession itself, there was, as the form stood in 1552, a distinct admission that the words of confession might be pronounced, in the name of the communicants generally, *by one of themselves*, as well as by the minister or priest. The words are—"Then shall this general confession be made in the name, &c. . . . either *by one of them*, or else by one of the ministers, or by the priest himself, all kneeling," &c. In the Communion Office of 1662 this concession was very carefully rescinded, the words above quoted in italics being entirely omitted. Lastly, the formula which follows the Confession, and is, according to the rubric which now precedes it, styled an "Absolution," is in reality no absolution at all, but a simple benediction, or prayer for the Divine blessing and forgiveness upon the communicants; and in the rubric itself, according to the form in which it stood in the Service-book of 1552, there is nothing whatever to indicate an intention on the part of its framers to give it a sacerdotal character. It was in the revision of 1662 that the term "Absolution" was first introduced, and to this unwarrantable and truly insidious innovation is to be attributed the change which has since that time taken place in the dogmatic import of this beautiful and impressive prayer. The notion, therefore, that there is some absolving power connected with it—a notion which we fear very extensively prevails—can only be regarded as a necessary result of the Romanizing and, we are sorry to add, intriguing policy of the revisors of this period.

It is almost tedious to enter into such minute details. But nothing is unimportant which tends to exhibit in its true light the character and condition of our national Ritual, or to unveil the motives of those who, whether with good or evil intent, have contributed to its completion in the form in which it now appears. Ere long, we trust, our readers may be induced to examine this subject carefully for themselves; and, in order to aid their inquiries, we shall in our next article briefly direct their attention to certain other changes made upon this occasion, of the same doctrinal tendency as those we have just noticed but more extended in form and appearance, and therefore, it may be, still more deserving of careful consideration.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It must be understood that we do not adopt all the opinions of our correspondents.]

CLERICAL ASSENT AND SUBSCRIPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—May I give some reasons for a relaxation of the "assent" and Subscription to the Articles and Prayer-book? At present all the clergy hang, as it were, by a chain over a precipice, and the fracture of one of its links is as fatal to them as the fracture of all; just as in the case of those who claim their justification by their works (see St. James ii. 10, 11). Few would probably give their "unfeigned assent" to "everything" in the authorized version of the Bible, though they unfeignedly assent to it as a whole. And Bishop Short speaks much in that style of the Prayer-book.* The same subscription to the 36th Canon of 1604, which enables the Evangelical to triumph over the Tractarian who dissents from the 11th Article, enables the Tractarian to triumph over that section of the Evangelical body which dissents from the Church's "power" to decree ceremonies, and from the doctrine of excommunication and "penance" (i. e., an overt act of penitence) in its 33rd, and which breaks the Church's rules, as enforced in the 20th and 34th Articles. The same subscription which condemns the Tractarian who dissents from the "Reading Pew" of the Communion Service, also condemns others who cannot reconcile the "use" of the phrase "Our Lady" as applied to the Virgin Mary in the Table of Holyday Proper Lessons with the word of God. The same decisions of Dr. Lushington which condemn Mr. Heath, and Essayist deniers of everlasting punishment, under the Athanasian Creed and the 8th Article (and such as, with Bishop Tomline in his exposition of it, deny the truth of its damnatory clauses), would condemn the late Rev. T. Scott, if living, to be deprived of his preferment, as a depraver of the Ordinal and 36th Article, for insinuating, in his Commentary on St. John xx. 22, 23, the form of ordaining priests to be neither Scriptural nor warrantable. The same subscription which condemns those who dissent from the Divine authority for the Christian Sabbath, as taught in the Communion Service, condemns those who dissent from the teaching of the service for adult baptism, that in the "born of water" of John iii. 5, we "may perceive the great necessity of this Sacrament, where it may be had"—a point upon which the Bishop of Exeter all-but caught Mr. Gorham tripping. More than this, in the "prescribed" use of the Apocryphal lessons (and especially of Tobit vi. on 30th September, and Bel and the Dragon on 23rd November, and the two offertory sentences from Tobit,) subscription to the 36th canon and the "assent to [the use of] all" the contents of the Prayer-book, pledge *all* the clergy *ex animo*—from their heart—to the position that religious fiction may "lawfully so be used" in Divine Service, which places them at some disadvantage in controverting the Rationalists and Essayists; though of course we have not declared our belief of the apocryphal books as *they* have of "all the canonical books of the Old and New Testament," which alone are included in "the holy Scripture" by the 6th Article. Yet many never read the apocryphal lessons, though the controversies in 1583—1604 about them show that the subscription to the Articles as well as the 36th Canon was intended to bind the clergy to their use; and Collier's comment upon the effects of the 36th Canon in 1604 seems to show that subscription to it was then understood to bind all the clergy to hold service on the minor holydays or saints' days, which is not now adhered to. Then how frequent is the mutilation of the Marriage Service, by Bishops and clergymen of all parties, although they say in the register that they have married the people "according to the rites of the Established Church," and not according to a revised service devised by themselves; and although sec. 1 of the Marriage Act of 1836 requires "all" the rules of the Prayer-book to be observed, so that they offend against the statute law! (And yet to omit a few words in the Burial Service is deemed a terrible offence!) Several bishops, again, *systematically* ordain at other than the Ember seasons without the rubrical need for it, to the annoyance of their clergy whom they compel to "unfeignedly assent to all" the Church's rules. Again, it is a doubt whether the words "and none other" in the 36th canon, and sec. 17 of the Act of Uniformity, do not forbid the use of the forms issued from time to time by the Queen in Council, and used at the consecration of churches,—for which reason Archbishop Whately has omitted all religious service at the legal act of "consecrating" churches, performing the act in plain clothes.

Certainly the enactors of the Subscription in 1583 meant to put down alterations of the lessons, and especially of the apocryphal lessons, as Stryke's "Life of Archbishop Whitgift" clearly and abundantly proves.

In a storm it is sometimes needful to throw overboard the superfluous cargo in order to save the rest.† We allow some latitude on such important points as predestination, &c.; why then should we be rigid upon minor points, such as the use of the Apocrypha? Besides, the Act of 1571 does not require assent to "everything" in all the 39 Articles as the Act of 1662 does to the use of "everything" in the Prayer-book and Ordinal. I would, therefore, propose a conservative reform of the Parliamentary "assent," and reduce it to this form in England, and in Ireland (where the Act of 13th Elizabeth is not, I believe, now in force), viz.:—

"I, A. B., do hereby declare my unfeigned assent to the Book of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the United Church of England and Ireland."

"I, A. B., do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to [or my unfeigned assent to and consent to the use of] the Book of Common Prayer, and of Consecrating and Ordaining of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, set forth by authority in the United Church of England and Ireland."

The promise to "conform to the Liturgy" to be retained.

For it is important that the accredited teachers of religion and

morality in a Protestant Church should give no support to the idea that they are capable of acting on the Romish maxim of "no faith to be kept with heretics," or that there are "venial" sins or "little" sins in the matter of assent and subscription, or that they may "do evil that good may come," or that "the end justifies the means."

Even Horace may teach us a lesson of morality in these matters:—

"Nam de mille fabae modiis cum surripis unum,
Damnum est, non facinus, mihi pacto lenius isto."

As regards the 36th English Canon of 1604, and the 32nd Irish Canon of 1634 (which in Ireland exacts "consent by subscription" to all the contents of the first four Irish Canons of 1634), the Bishop of London would leave Convocation to deal with them. But many of the Canons have been amended by Acts of Parliament; such as those on residence, and divorce, and probate. The 1st Article of the 36th Canon is in substance the same as the 37th Article and the Oath of Supremacy. Its 2nd and 3rd Articles might be reduced to this form:—"ii. That the Book of Common Prayer and of Consecrating and Ordaining of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, is not contrary to the Word of God, and that it may lawfully so be used." § "iii. That I approve the Book of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the United Church of *England* and *Ireland*, and acknowledge it to be agreeable to the word of God." Or something to this effect. For the latter part of its 2nd Article is not now necessary since the promise of conformity of 1662. Since the passing of the Act 15 & 16 Vict., c. 52, in 1852, on Colonial Bishops, the 36th Canon has acquired a Parliamentary endorsement!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

C. H. D.

15th Sept., 1863.

* See his History of the Church of England, sec. 810.

† See Acts xxvii. 38.

‡ See the 3rd Article of the 36th English Canon of 1604.

§ See the 77th English Canon of 1604.

P.S.—I protest against the doctrine of "Britannicus," at p. 284, column 2, of your number for 12th Sept., that clergymen act only "ministerially" in "repeating the words of the Church." It is to degrade them to the level of "Tartar praying-machines." They are responsible to God for every word they utter with the word "we," as implying that it expresses their own feelings. See Eccles. v. 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Among the many questions now so eagerly discussed relative to the efficiency of the Church of England, the changes which may be necessary in her ritual, the modifications which contending parties may seek to make in her doctrinal statements, the removal of many conspicuous abuses in her external organisation, there is one very important subject which has scarcely, as far as I have seen, met with the attention it deserves, viz., the precise position the Church at present occupies in the country. It would be well, I think, before we advance to other matters, to estimate, as accurately as we can, the exact hold which she has now on the affections of our people; then we shall see more clearly where to apply the pruning knife, so that the roots of this goodly tree may deepen, and her branches expand, and more of our people repose under her grateful shadow.

Will you, Sir, permit me, through the medium of your columns, to offer a few remarks—the result of much thought and observation—on this subject?

Now, it will be obvious that, to estimate the precise position at present occupied by the Church, we should turn to our large towns. There we see the strain there is upon her energies, the tax upon her resources; there she has more especially to sustain the attacks of her enemies; there, critical and too often unfriendly eyes are surveying her. What, then, is the picture presented? The first thing that strikes us, in directing our attention to the external aspect of the Church in our large towns, is the number—and in many instances the increasing number—of Dissenting chapels of all denominations. At first sight this seems to argue ill for the future hold upon our rising generation of the Church of England. Men, we are told, are now beginning to think for themselves: the rapid growth of intelligence, the spread of education, the multiplication of institutes and societies having for their object the diffusion of knowledge—all these are so great that we may soon expect to find numbers rejecting the claims, disputing the doctrine, and repudiating the authority of the Church, and, consequently, seceding to those rival communions which surround them so plentifully, and which suit the varied tastes or thoughts or feelings of the thinking masses. We may safely conclude, therefore (so say many), that the Church is losing her hold on our intelligent and thoughtful workpeople and artisans. Now, let us ask, Is this so? If it be, there is surely well-founded alarm, and much to check our efforts and damp our energies. But, Sir, I boldly and unhesitatingly say it is not. I am sure that at no period of England's history has her Church had so strong a hold on the affections of the people; at no time has her future been more promising; at no time have her fields been more ready for the harvest, if only she will put in her sickle and reap the fruit. The reason, we firmly believe, that lies at the root of the multiplication of Dissenting chapels, with their generally large congregations, is to be found, NOT in the growing antagonism of the people to the Church, but in the deplorable inability of the Church to meet the wants of a growing population. Here, then, is that to which we must first address ourselves in Church Reform. We must steadily recognise, and speedily set ourselves to remedy the utter inadequacy of the Church in our towns—both in the number of her ministers, the size of her parishes, the extent of her church accommodation to meet the advancing wants of the day. All who have her interest at heart, and long to see her rising to her great work, must gird themselves to the task before them here. Subdivide overgrown parishes; multiply churches; increase tenfold our parochial clergy; cease to expect that were our ministers endowed with the strength of Hercules, or the zeal of Apostles, one or two can in any way, except the most indifferent, minister in parishes containing from ten to fifteen thousand souls. Our first work, therefore, must be to

reduce the work of each minister to a moderate compass, and this can only be by subdivision of parishes and multiplication of churches and ministers. When this has been done, then it will be time to talk seriously about revising the Liturgy or altering the ritual. When we have strengthened and enlarged the Church, when we have made her to some extent equal to the demands upon her, then we may apply ourselves to the grave questions, how far she, the Church of the people, externally, may be made so entirely by judicious alteration of her formularies, or expansion of her terms of admission. But while she is painfully unequal to the wants of her people, while her ministers cannot become acquainted with a tithe of their flocks, whilst there are dark places without number which are as yet unvisited by her, whilst needs are multiplying that she cannot meet, it is idle to speculate how far to some thoughtful and inquiring minds her Liturgy or her Articles may become stumbling-blocks.

I deliberately state, and firmly believe, that the weakness of the Church, and the strength of Dissent, the formidable aspect assumed by the latter in many of our large towns, is to be found, not in a growing hostility to the Church, not in objections to her ritual, offence at her doctrines, or dislike to her formularies, but in the fact that the masses are by her at present practically almost uncared for. Multitudes there are whom she cannot reach. What wonder, then, that men welcome those who bring them the good news of salvation? What wonder that they attach themselves to them, crowd their chapels, and thus fill the ranks of Dissent rather than the Church? I speak with knowledge when I say that very few among the masses of our people are Dissenters from intelligent preference; very few are found in the chapels because they dislike the Church. It is the utter failure of the parochial system, through overgrown parishes and few clergy, which lies at the root of the whole. I am, of course, far from saying that, with an immediate extension of the Church's resources, the tide of Dissent would ebb, because it could neither be expected nor desired that those who had attached themselves to any system of Dissent should at once do violence to their affections, or sever their associations. But at no distant time we should see the venerable Church of England again the Church of the people, and her prayers and praises would arise as in truth, and not simply in name—the national worship of our land. This is, we grant, a great work. It will require vigorous, united, and sustained effort on the part of us all; it would need judgment in execution; it would affect details more than, perhaps, at first sight appears; but it would be the first and the great step in Church Reform.

Other questions might then with comparative ease be dealt with. Revision, alteration, suppression, removal of external hindrances—all these would fall into their proper place and receive their due attention, and in the end their just settlement. We must, however, begin at the root of the matter. We must make our Church first of all equal to the work before her, and then will be time to discuss how best she may perform that work.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

CLERICUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I have read with deep interest your articles and correspondence on the Revision question, and am glad to see by the tone of the latter that you give liberty of expression to all comers. Having been incessantly engaged on this wide and important subject for the last seven years, I have come to the conclusion that in this matter, as in many others, the rule holds good of *quot homines tot sententiae*. I have become, therefore, of necessity extremely tolerant of other people's views, and only ask in return for a like measure to be dealt to myself.

If you are willing to accept, on these conditions, the remarks of one who has strong opinions of his own on the expediency of Revision, but has no wish to bind others, I may perhaps be able to throw some light on the chaos in which the question is still involved. My plan would be to resume the discussion from the point at which I had arrived in February last when my second volume of Letters was published, and to carry it down to the present time, noticing in particular the debates in Parliament on Subscription and the Burial Service, and replying, as far as lies in my power, to the arguments of such speakers as were opposed to granting relief on those two points.

Having disposed of that portion of my subject, I would next, with your permission, address myself to the consideration of a few collateral branches of Church Reform, including the law of Simony, Church Patronage, and the Discipline of the Clergy,—but one thing at a time. Awaiting your reply to this proposition,

I remain yours, &c.,

INGOLDSBY.

[We shall be happy to receive our esteemed correspondent's communications; begging it to be understood that we do not necessarily adopt his opinions, and that the insertion of his letters must, from time to time, be dependent on the space at our command.—Ed. "LONDON REVIEW."]

MR. POCOCK is engaged in editing for the Oxford Clarendon Press a new edition of Burnet's "History of the Reformation," verifying the documents given by Burnet by careful collation with the originals wherever they are known to exist. Several thousand errors, which have been perpetuated from the original publication to the present time, have been corrected. As an instance:—One letter of Bullinger, as given by Burnet, is found to contain no less than 400 divergences from the original—many only changes of punctuation and the like, but others very important. The text of the history will appear exactly as the author left it: errors of date, which are numerous, will be corrected in the margin, and a large body of references to printed books and MSS. from which Burnet, without special acknowledgment, probably drew his information, will be added.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

[The continuation of our Review of Professor Ernest Renan's "Life of Jesus" is unavoidably deferred till next week.]

EGYPT AND THE SUEZ CANAL.*

THE fate of Egypt is still, as it has ever been, a marvel and a mystery. It was a State with a regular dynasty, a sacerdotal hierarchy and grades of social distinction, when the oldest nations of antiquity were plunged in barbarism; the birthplace of letters and of science, whence the founders of nations derived their germs of civilization, their notions of government, and their gods; and the prize for which the masters of the world have in succession contended. Its possession has been the object of the ambition of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon; and it is no exaggeration to say that to prevent its annexation to the Algerian province of France is the resolute determination, the unchangeable policy of England, while to hinder our influence becoming dominant in the councils of the Viceroy is the fixed purpose of our neighbours. But, as we really do not care to have a voice potential in the consultations of the Pasha's Cabinet, and simply desire the perfect neutrality of Egypt, and the greatest happiness for her people and rulers that can be obtained, it so happens that our advice is oftener asked and followed than that of the consular agents of the French Emperor. Then, again, our ideas are very vulgar, and take the substantial forms that are calculated to gratify the animal tastes of man, and to promote his comfort and convenience. French ideas are more sublime—they aim at revolutionizing States, and at sweeping away what has existed for centuries, to erect upon its ruins the unformed, untried, unknown conception of an hour's dream. The points of the "holy bayonets of France" are the means for introducing her *idées*, and the apostles of her civilization are now chiefly Zouaves and Turcos—*les enfans de Voltaire et de Mahomet réunis*. England, we are told, has no ideas and, therefore, never fights for one. Well, if she has not, she has some very pretty notions of her own, which even our ideal and originating friends failed to invent and have been very glad to borrow. And, after all, it remains to be proved that any idea is worth fighting for, or the shedding an ounce of blood. National freedom and independence are to be defended to the death; but they are not ideal; at least we do not think so. Consequently, when Englishmen palaver with a pasha they don't bother him about the rights of man, *le bien-être du genre humain*, the establishment of a universal language, the enforcement of uniformity in weights and measures, the infallibility of universal suffrage, and the thousand and one crazes of French democracy; but they ask for permission to build railways, to dig canals, and to cover rivers with steam-ships to develop the trade of the country. They obtain concessions of mines, buy produce, establish factories, introduce trade, give higher value to labour; thereby improving the food, clothing, dwellings, and habits of the people. They sell better and cheaper pots and pans, shirtings and calicoes, knives and tools than can be bought of others or made at home. They take what is a drug, the raw produce of unskilled labour, and give what is a scarcity—gold, and while with the people we deal on better terms—buying dearer and selling cheaper—we lend money on easier terms to their rulers; so that it is no wonder the ignorant and untutored natives should prefer the base, selfish mercantilism of England that always pays for what it takes, to the generous idealism of France, which insists on indemnities in money or territories for its disinterested friendly services. Then, again, hard and exacting, coarse and vulgar, matter-of-fact and unsociable as he may be, the Englishman has somehow or other contrived to establish a reputation for truth and honesty, which secures the confidence of the native. In the remotest and wildest districts of the East—where "all men are liars," and a Christian is no more believed, though he swear by all the saints, than a Moslem is, if he swears by the beard of the Prophet—if one of two parties, in a dispute, ask the other to give him "the word of an Englishman," and the latter does so, then the first is satisfied, for the word of an Englishman is a bond which none dare break. Unfortunately, this reputation so honourable to our race has somewhat faded of late since the establishment of American commercial houses in the East—which are carefully passed off as English by their owners—and since the introduction of smart Yankee modes of doing business into the English system of trade. Without wishing to flatter John Bull or disparage his neighbours, we may be permitted to say that they do not share his reputation or the confidence he inspires. On the contrary, their approaches are received with suspicion. Mr. Hoskins—who, although he had been in Egypt thirty years ago, and has resided in the country some time, appears to be a *naïf* and unobservant traveller, scarcely cognizant of what has lately occurred—relates that "there were 7,000 or 8,000 French in Alexandria who were working themselves into every employment and business, and when I was there were doing their best to entangle Said Pasha into unrecoverable debts, mortgaging the revenues of the country for their immense advances. . . . At their suggestion, it was said, the Pasha was reducing his army, particularly his cavalry regiments. All seemed

alarmed at measures which they thought might end in the country becoming a French province. . . . But independent of the Suez Canal, the French were continually leading him into little and great extravagances. I heard of his giving 6,500 francs apiece for twenty-four French mirrors that could not have cost a tenth of the sum." If Mr. Hoskins had condescended to have listened to the conversation going on around him, he must have heard a great deal more of the individual involved in this transaction. Years ago there were three brothers in the south of France whose social position may be judged of from the fact that one of them was an itinerant vendor and mender of old umbrellas in Aix and other Provençal towns. Another went to Alexandria, became brother-in-law to the chief of the largest shipping house in Marseilles, and, lastly, the favourite to the late viceroy, Said Pasha. He was the most notorious personage in Alexandria and Cairo. The first question almost among Europeans, on meeting, was, "Any news about —? I wonder what he will do next?" M. Sabbatier, the late Consul-general of France, was famous for his *whist parties*, where play was long and deep. The most constant visitors and largest winners were the Pasha's favourite—no very enviable title—and Mr. Kalergi, a Greek and a *grec*, according to report, and who would find it difficult to obtain permission from the police to reside in any European capital of the Continent—even at Athens or Baden-Baden. He also was a favourite of the Pasha, but in a minor degree, for his skill consisted in making coffee.

Besides selling the pasha looking-glasses at £260 a-piece, the favourite, *en chef*, was engaged in transactions equally singular and profitable to himself. He obtained the contract to supply some cavalry regiments with silver buttons and ornaments, having pretended that the tenders of other parties were too low to permit of the goods being made of pure silver. Accordingly he ordered the articles from Paris; they were delivered in due course, and the Egyptian troops, thus bedecked, paraded before the viceroy, who was delighted with their gay appearance, and made an order for the immediate payment of the contractor's bill.

Scarcely was the money pocketed, when it was discovered that the buttons were not silver, but only silvered, and that by the cheap and unendurable electrotype process. The deception, or fraud—to call a spade a spade—provoked the displeasure of the viceroy. The favourite was forbidden the palace, and strict orders given not to let him enter it. Knowing that it was hopeless to attempt to break the *consigne*,—at his wit's end to obtain admission to the viceroy's presence, believing that if he did he could regain his favour, the individual in question one evening ascended the palace window and rushed into the dining-room, where Said was reposing in that beatified state which accompanies the facile digestion of a copious and succulent repast. With a short obeisance the ex-favourite, wearing a cook's cap—for, by his *cuisine*, he won his way to the Pasha's heart—and dressed scantily as a Nile boatman, without giving time for reprimand and an order for his expulsion, commenced dancing the *Carmagnole*, accompanied by a song said to be very licentious. Said roared with laughter, clapped his hands, rolled and larded the divan with his fat sides, called the buffoon a term of infamy not to be written, but which was hailed as the signal of pardon and restoration to favour. To the same individual the viceroy presented a summer palace on the banks of Mahmudieh canal; but a short time after, desiring to repossess it, he was compelled to purchase it back for three millions of francs. The last transaction we heard of was the purchase of one of the Egyptian fleet for a mere song, which was being broken up as we steamed out of Alexandria harbour, the copper bolts of the top sides having already been sold for more than the purchase money, leaving those of the lower part, sheathing and timbers, for profit. The reader must take these stories for what they are worth. We cannot of course vouch for their accuracy, but we can confidently assert that they are current and credited in all classes of society, and therefore serve to show the opinions of Europeans in Egypt, as to the nature and character of French influence over the rulers of the country.

It is difficult to criticise Mr. Hoskins' work, or rather the reprint of his note-book and extracts from well-known Guides and Hand-books, for it was compiled in sickness, after a great bereavement, and for the charitable purpose of enlightening invalids who may repair to the banks of the Nile in search of health. Still we cannot say that it contains any new information, or that it is anything more than a meagre, dry record of uninteresting facts. Nor is the want of originality compensated by elegancies of style. On the contrary, it is tedious, heavy reading, disfigured by inaccuracies. For instance, we are told that Cape Colonna is the classic scene of Thompson's shipwreck—too bad to rob one poet (Falconer) of his claim to immortality, and to mis-spell the name of another. He calls Moses "the pilot" of the Israelites in their Exodus; but we are taught that it was the Lord Himself that led His people out of Egypt; and it sounds strange to hear a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society talk of metallic instead of metalliferous stones. Lastly, the volume is disfigured by an affectation of orthographical or philological accuracy which the author's knowledge of Arabic and other languages does not permit him to keep up. He spells Jettatore with an "I"; writes Sheikh, Sheakh; Mameluke, Mamlook; tarbush, tarboosh; Mahmud, Mahmood, &c. When Captain Washington, the late hydrographer to the Admiralty, was in Syria, he, after careful consideration, gave instructions to Captain Mansell, and the officers of the surveying vessels, that the vowel sound which Mr. Hoskins represents by double "o" should be indicated by "ū," the accent serving to distinguish the Italian pronunciation of the letter. Had the

* A Winter in Upper and Lower Egypt. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq., F.R.G.S. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Suez Canal. Report of John Hawkshaw, F.R.S., to the Egyptian Government. Report read at the General Meeting of Shareholders in the Universal Isthmus of Suez Canal Company, 15th July, 1863. By M. Ferdinand de Lesseps.

author consulted Porter's "Handbook for Syria," he would have saved himself much trouble, the reader much confusion, and avoided, to all outward appearance, the incongruity of being fastidiously correct in Mamlooks, while talking of Bedouin and Bedouins, instead of Bedawy and Bedawin.

In seven short paragraphs Mr. Hoskins judges and dismisses the Suez Canal scheme—a subject of vital importance to Egypt, which threatens to be a bone of contention between England and France, and which is on the eve of debate between the Ministers of France and the Porte (M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Nubar Pasha—the last of whom has been sent to Paris on a special mission to settle the question). Mr. Hoskins mentions with an air of mystery which is ridiculous, and of *chachotterie* quite superfluous, that "an eminent engineer" who visited the works in the spring had informed him they might be finished in three years; and the jetties in the Mediterranean—probably four miles long—and in the Red Sea achieved. But it would cost annually £20,000 to keep them in repair, and to dredge out the immense quantities of sand thrown up by the Mediterranean, while they would probably afford but inefficient protection from the very severe gales which are extremely frequent on that coast. Mr. Hoskins also reports that he was told that not a merchant or person of any wealth in Egypt had shares in M. de Lesseps' queerly entitled (in the published English translation of his last report) "Universal Isthmus of Suez Canal Company," and that most of the money spent beyond the Pasha's contributions was found by the French government. If this be so—we confess it appears incredible, though after the strange development of Raoul Boulbon's buccaneering expedition to the Sonora into armed intervention in Mexico, and the erection of an empire by French bayonets on the ruins of the republic, we ought not to be incredulous of anything that is reported of the tenebrous political manœuvres of France—then the Canal scheme leaves the domain of commercial and becomes *a fait politique* of the utmost importance to the security of our communications with our Indian empire,—a political act on the part of a professing ally conceived and executed in a spirit of hostility to ourselves, for M. de Lesseps declared in an appeal to the national ill-will of French Anglophobists, that his scheme had a patriotic and national claim on their support, because it was destined *à percer le défaut dans le cuirasse d'Angleterre*. If this be the real purport of the project, though now no longer ostentatiously paraded before the world, from the base and ignoble motive of obtaining money for shares from the pockets of English gulls to construct the engine of their national ruin, then it behoves us to watch with the utmost vigilance and suspicion the intrigues of which M. Ferdinand de Lesseps is the worthy instrument. As for the ex-Consul at Barcelona—who in his waking dreams saw the English fleet bombarding the town, with a view to destroy the growth of cotton manufactures in Spain—who, after February, 1848, on appearing in the Madrid saloons with a red cravat, boasted, though he had been the obsequious courtier (*platvalet*, M. de Montalembert would call him) of Louis Philippe, that he could then venture to avow his *vrais sentiments de républican rouge démocratique et social*—what he may say and do is of little moment. But, as the head of a project which received the imperious diplomatic and financial support of the cabinet of the Tuilleries, his sayings and doings assume an importance that never could belong to anything he performed *sud sponte*. M. de Lesseps, as one of his friends said, is a *brandon politique*; in fact, he belongs to a family of political firebrands, for his brother Charles is the salaried scribe, at 10,000 francs a year, of the French Protectionists—"La Société pour la Défense du Travail National," and voids his venom by inventing slanders against England and Englishmen in a bi-weekly journal of insignificant size and circulation, and of still more insignificant literary merit.

Mr. Hoskins reports the popular opinion in Alexandria and Cairo is that, "If the canal is completed and this territory (two strips on either side of the banks) left in the hands of the French, and a war broke out, our (the English) fleet in the Mediterranean might not be able to prevent an expedition of iron-clad steamers from Toulon suddenly seizing Egypt, and even proceeding to India;" where, we venture to assert, 70,000 British soldiers, with their disciplined, valorous, native fellow-subjects—Sikhs and Hindoos—will be happy to receive and take care of them, free of all charge to their own Government.

The eminent engineer mentioned by Mr. Hoskins is Mr. Hawkshaw, president of the Institution of Civil Engineers and architect of Charing-cross new bridge. When Said Pasha was in England to visit the Exhibition, he requested Mr. Hawkshaw to visit the canal works, and report his opinion on them to the Egyptian Government, which he did under date 3rd of February, and has just published it. Mr. Hawkshaw's opinion is diametrically opposed to that of the late Mr. Robert Stephenson. Linaut Bey, a French engineer in the Egyptian service, proposed, many years back, to M. Paulin Talabot, the most eminent engineer in France, who has never stooped to curry favour with the present Government, nor yet condescended to be mixed up in the speculative *tripotage* wherein the Pereires, the De Mornys, and others of that class, have made what are termed *des fortunes infamantes*. M. Talabot, one of the most illustrious names and purest reputations in France, proposed in January, 1846, to Mr. Robert Stephenson, to join him in investigating the practicability of piercing the Isthmus for a ship canal. M. Bourdaloue, chief of the surveying staff, reported that, contrary to the general belief, there was no difference between the levels of the Red and Mediterranean Seas, and consequently that "a canal capable of being scoured by the

waters either of the Red Sea or Mediterranean was impracticable, especially as both of those seas may be said to be nearly tideless." Upon the data obtained M. Talabot made a report, "which," according to Mr. Robert Stephenson and all competent men, "whether considered in an historical, scientific, or engineering point of view, is at once the most comprehensive and logical document that has ever appeared on the subject." This French authority, so eminent and so entirely trustworthy, concluded that, in consequence of the absence of scour, from the non-existence of a difference between the levels of the seas, and of the effects of the current sweeping the detritus brought down by the Nile along the shores of the coast, the maintenance of a channel and of an entrance in the Bay of Pelusium was a *difficulté insurmontable*. Further, that even supposing an entrance established to a canal in the bay, the north winds prevalent during nine months of the year would prevent ships from entering or leaving with safety, unless a harbour of refuge were constructed to save them from the danger of being blown on a lee shore. Let it not be forgotten that those who accuse Englishmen of opposing the project from selfish motives know full well that the first to denounce the scheme as impracticable were the foremost engineers of France. Mr. Hawkshaw goes quite the other way. He sees everything *couleur de rose*, and writes as though he held a brief for the getters-up of the scheme. He declares there are no works on the canal presenting on their face any unusual difficulty of execution, and no contingencies likely to arise that would present difficulties insurmountable by engineers of skill. He is also of opinion that no obstacles will be met with that would prevent the work, when completed, being maintained with ease and efficiency without extraordinary expenditure. Backed by an opinion so favourable, M. de Lesseps passed the usual bounds of his unlicensed speech in a report to the meeting of shareholders in July, in Paris. He made the most ridiculous assertions, only explicable by his ignorance, the most reckless statements, and the vilest calumnies, for which he might, as they are entirely of his own invention, obtain a *brevet sans garantie du Gouvernement*. Mr. Hawkshaw, he told the credulous shareholders that listened to him, was the successor to Mr. Stephenson—in order to make it appear that Mr. Stephenson was contradicted by Mr. Stephenson's successor—and "designated by the English as the scientific successor of Mr. Stephenson." With all due respect to Mr. Hawkshaw—who we are sure must heartily disapprove of the use that is sought to be made of his name by a shuffling trick scarcely worthy of the wretchedest *paillasson* that ever imposed upon the simple ignorance of yokels at a country fair—he is not the scientific successor of Robert Stephenson. He by chance of vote sits in the presidential chair of the Institute, in which he was preceded by George Parker Bidder, who followed Robert Stephenson; but if that gives him a claim to be considered as the scientific successor of the first engineer in the world—a man of whose high reputation all who knew him are jealous—then the gentleman, whoever he may be, that next happens to sit in that chair may call himself successor to the reputation of Mr. George Bidder.

MEMOIR OF STONEWALL JACKSON.*

THE hero of the Shenandoah Valley has not been fortunate in his biographer. His brief but splendid career deserved a better fate than to be made a catchpenny for the book market, and to be dispatched with as little study as the hero himself by the bullets of his own soldiers. It may be, however, that we are wrong in supposing that this volume has been hurried into the public presence to secure a first audience and its pecuniary results. The authoress writes with a deep sympathy for the South, and a true admiration for the dashing general whose exploits she records. She appears to have lived amongst the rebels till near the close of Jackson's career, and she loses no opportunity of making the rapacity and cruelty of the North a foil for the opposite qualities of her Southern friends. Possibly, then, she has been eager to employ her pen in the service of the greatest of Secession's heroes, and has rushed into print, from an amiable motive. But the result is not much. The book is not without a woman's enthusiasm and eloquence; but it is throughout wofully crude; and moreover there is very little in it which we have not read already in the letters of the *Times*, from the pens of writers with whom the author of "Life in the South" cannot for an instant compare. Still her work is not without merit. Readers who have not followed closely the story of the war as it has come to us piecemeal in the correspondence of the daily press, will be pleased to have before them in the compass of this small volume, a connected view of the principal events of the war in Virginia up to and inclusive of the battle of Chancellorsville. And they also have to thank our author for an excellent map of the seat of war—the best we have seen,—which illustrates not only the exploits of Jackson in the Valley of the Shenandoah, but the repulse of the Federal army under McClellan from before Richmond, and the principal events of the war in this region which followed that "strategic retreat" up to the last battle between Lee and Meade.

It remains yet to be seen how far the premature death of Stonewall Jackson has affected the fortunes of the South, and to what extent the brilliant successes with which the Confederates apparently rose from the depths of despair were due personally to this great soldier, or to the invincible determination of the

* "Stonewall" Jackson. A Biographical Sketch. By the Author of "Life in the South." Chapman & Hall.

Southern troops. Certainly it was his arm that struck that succession of blows which, in the Shenandoah Valley, inspired terror into the breasts of the Federals, and hope into those of the Confederates. Matters looked gloomy enough for Secession just before that epoch. One of the noblest aspects of the war, as far as she is concerned, is the confession of her President, made openly before the whole world, that her operations had been a blunder, that she had undertaken more than she could accomplish, and that she must turn over a new leaf. The admission showed heroic presence of mind in the face of danger, hurrying down from all sides on the devoted Confederacy. McClellan, now with his spade, now with his sword, was working his way to Richmond; New Orleans had fallen; the Confederate armies had suffered defeat in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri; and the blockade had begun to tell severely upon the Southern cause. The Federal General Banks had possession of the Virginia and Shenandoah Valley, and it was a matter of paramount importance that he should be driven out of it. But to do this there was no adequate force; nothing but a man. Fortunately for the South that man was Stonewall Jackson. His was one of those spirits which can make armies and supply deficiencies by the inspiration of their own burning souls. He had at this time but a handful of soldiers under him, jaded, worn out, incapable of meeting the numerous and well-equipped forces of the North. But having made up his mind that the valley should be cleared of the enemy, he at once undertook a task which to other men would have appeared hopeless. He summoned the militia of the adjoining counties to his aid, and by setting his men an example of temperance and self-denial, attaching them to his person by the purity of his motives and the extraordinary energy of his life, he was soon in possession of the brigade which has made itself and its leader renowned for ever in the annals of the South. In one month he fought and won eight battles of greater or less magnitude, the Federals never knowing at what time or place he would make his spring upon them, and cleared the valley of its invaders.

This was the prelude to those greater successes which followed, in which also Jackson bore a part. It was his impetuous onslaught upon the right flank of the army before Richmond which shook the Federals and threw them into that retreat, which for seven days threatened them with annihilation. From this time till his death he bore the greatest part in every battle in which he was engaged; and so convinced friend and foe of the unfailing effect of his blows, that his death was worse than a defeat to the South and better than a victory to the North. But this was not a man from whom stirring times had struck out an unexpected fire. The little our author tells us of his early youth shows him possessed of the basis of greatness—decision of purpose and energy of execution. The way in which he obtained his cadetship at West Point proves this. Jackson was in his nineteenth year, the son of struggling parents, who could not afford to give him more schooling than he could pick up in the village school, or in one of those shanties in which, according to Southern custom, a certain number of children within a circuit of several miles assemble to receive the instructions of a teacher engaged for a given time. A cadetship had been offered by the member who represented his native county in Congress, to a boy in the neighbourhood who refused it. Jackson heard of this, and made up his mind that the cadetship should be his. He set off at once through the pouring rain to the office of a friend of the member's, presented himself with the rain streaming from his clothes, and in a high state of excitement asked for a letter of introduction to Mr. Hayes, the member. His friend discouraged him, and said he would never be able to pass the preliminary examination. But Jackson pressed his suit; and the same evening, having obtained the letter, borrowed a horse to ride to Clarksburg, where the weekly stage was about to set out on its eastern journey. Arrived there, with a negro boy mounted behind him to take the horse back, he found that the postmaster had despatched the stage with the mail bags an hour before the proper time. The roads were heavy from the recent rains; back the horse must go, for on no account would Jackson break his word; and so through rain and mud he set out on foot to overtake the stage, carrying his wardrobe in his hand. Probably he performed the greater part, if not the whole, of the journey to Washington on foot, for when he presented himself and his letter to Mr. Hayes he was covered with mud. In this state he was presented to the Secretary of War, who, possibly struck by this outward evidence of earnestness, gave him the coveted presentation. In four years, with all his disadvantages of education, he graduated seventeenth in a class of sixty; and his fellow-students made the remark that all he wanted was time in order to come out first.

Jackson does not appear to have been determined by political considerations, in taking his place on the Southern side, on the outbreak of the war. He was not a politician. He seems to have thought that his services as a soldier were due to the soil on which he was born, and he only waited to see on which side the "Old Dominion" would declare itself, to make his choice. "When the State draws her sword," he said, "I draw mine." His first commission was that of colonel of a volunteer regiment in the provisional army, raised by Governor Letcher of Virginia, which Jackson drilled, until he was attached to the command of General Joseph E. Johnston. Great as was the enthusiasm with which men and officers obeyed and followed him towards the end of his brief career, he seems to have been at first unpopular with the latter, owing to his habit of incommunicativeness as to the plans he was revolving. This arose from his strength of character, his self-reliance; but for a time it was a source of weakness, if not

even of difficulty. But when his officers saw how sternly he refused any personal comfort, how he took his full share of the hardships and toils of the field; how his "head-quarters" were often under a tree, his couch a fence corner, his equipage a frying-pan and a blanket; how he would stop, if hungry, and ask permission to share the homely meal his men were cooking; this reserve disappeared. Above all it became untenable, when they found with what glory he was covering his brigade; that it became almost the hope of the Confederacy, and had won by its extraordinary marches the title of "foot-cavalry." Even the presence of such a man, filled, to the utter oblivion of self, with a great purpose, must have had something subduing, if not winning, in it. In the midst of a hurricane of bullets he was as calm as in the pew of his church at Lexington. On one occasion, in the midst of an engagement, while writing an order, a shell struck and shattered the tree beneath which he sat, without stopping his pencil, or, apparently, attracting his attention. Without being a fatalist, he saw in all the events of the war the hand of God; and the first use which he made of victory was to refer its glory to the Giver. After his first great success in the Valley of the Shenandoah he thanked the soldiers for their endurance and bravery, and appointed a day of prayer and thanksgiving for their victory. "It was of course readily responded to, for Jackson held the entire affections of his army. And then, amidst the wild grandeur of the mountain scenery, clothed in its fresh green garments of spring, while the cannon of the enemy was heard around them, the little worshipping army followed their chief in prayer, acknowledging the supremacy of Him who controls the destinies of men." After this thanksgiving Jackson and his "foot-cavalry" marched upon Front Royal, where they gained a fresh victory. Indeed, this habit of prayer as a preparation for fighting was the leading feature in Jackson's character. His negro servant always knew when a battle was about to be fought:—" 'Cause,' said he, 'massa pray right smart (a great deal) all de night; den I packs de baggage, cos I know he goes on annuver expidishum, an I se berry sure der'll be de debble to pay.' It would appear, however, that Jackson had by no means a monopoly of the religious sentiment, which, our author tells us, is not uncommon amongst the Confederate officers. General Lee, she says, is well known to be "an earnest, zealous Christian, a member of the Episcopal Church, who inculcates in his followers every high moral principle." She mentions other officers personally known to her for whose Christian deportment she vouches: amongst them, General Pendleton, whose original vocation was that of a minister of the gospel, and of whom she relates the following story:—" 'Are you ready, boys?' asked General Pendleton, one of the 'fighting parsons' of Virginia. 'Yes,' was the reply. Looking up with clasped hands, the General fervently exclaimed, 'The Lord have mercy upon their souls! FIRE!'"

Defective as this volume is, it is still readable. Towards the end, the author supplies us with an account of her hero's death, from the letters of the Hon. F. Lawley, the special correspondent of the *Times* in the South. These, of course, most people have already perused; but we are not sorry to see some passages from them reproduced.

"NED LOCKSLEY" AND "RALPH."*

THE novels of the present day are certainly not all "sensational." Here is one lying before us which is assuredly not open to that objection. "Ned Locksley, the Etonian," is free from anything like morbid excitement, and depends for its attraction solely upon exhibition of character, and the gradual unfolding of emotions common to us all, and therefore externally interesting. The story is of the very slightest, and the mode of narrating it somewhat straggling and disjointed. Perhaps its month-by-month appearance in the *Dublin University Magazine*, where it first came out, had something to do with this; or perhaps the author was indifferent about plot, and cared only for moving the personal sympathies of his readers. The defect, however, is to be regretted, for, after all, one likes a story in a story book. The writer has sacrificed pretty nearly everything to his hero; but then it must be admitted that his hero is a very fine fellow, and deserves to have a good deal of attention fixed on him. Ned Locksley is the grandson of an officer in the Welsh Rangers, killed at Corunna. Owing to an old hereditary friendship between the two families, Ned is brought up on terms of the closest friendship with the young Earl of Cransdale, both having been born in the same week, and being therefore playfully regarded by their respective mammas as twins. But it happens that the young nobleman has a sister, Lady Constance, with whom, when both have grown up to an age proper for that exploit, Ned falls desperately in love. Very naturally so, seeing that the lady is passing fair, very sweet, very gentle, very stately, and full of all the thousand and one graces of a high-born English maiden. But Constance has always been brought up to regard Ned as a brother; and, besides, she has already a prior attachment of the more tender kind to one Lord Royston. So she tells the poor fellow that his case is hopeless; and he leaves her broken-hearted, with just one impress of her lips on his forehead—on "the grave of his dead hopes." He had previously thought of obtaining a commission in the East India Company's service, and winning for himself a name,

* Ned Locksley, the Etonian. Two vols. Bentley.
Ralph; or, St. Sepulchre's and St. Stephen's. By Arthur Arnold. Two vols. Tinsley, Brothers.

that he might be the more worthy of her. Now that the love-dream is over, he wakes to the conviction that it would be cruel to leave his mother, who is so tenderly fond of him, and who has no other child; and so he resolves to give up the Indian scheme. But his mother feels that now more than ever he needs the relief of action, change of scene, and of removal to some land where he will be far away from the tormenting sight of his enchantress and his rival. So she urges him to go, and puts his grandfather's sword into his hand. In fields of Indian battle he soon rises to some distinction, and takes part with Sir Charles James Napier in the Scinde campaign, and afterwards with Gough in the operations against Gwalior. The greater part of the second volume is devoted to Ned's adventures in the far East; and some lively pictures of military life vary the more sentimental parts. His return to England has been delayed in consequence of the machinations of a rascally cousin; and the attack on Gwalior proves fatal to him. This is the end of the story. It is in fact a biography, interspersed with episodes; but it is beautifully written in many parts (though sometimes with a little excess of a sort of conscious simplicity), and is full of the purest and noblest feeling throughout. We have never seen the tenderness of motherly affection more exquisitely delineated than in the character of Lucy Locksley; and the scene in which she questions her son as to his unhappy passion goes to the very core of the sacred maternal feeling. It is a cloudy, moonlit night, and Ned joins his mother in the drawing-room of their pleasant country house after dinner, leaving his father engaged below with a lawyer. In his despairing passion that morning, when walking on the moors, the youth has shivered one stone against another, and a splinter, in rebounding, has wounded his forehead. He tries to conceal this by bringing a lock of hair over the place, and in the moony twilight enters the room where his mother is:—

"He found her lying on a sofa, in an arched recess, by a window, the light from which went past, leaving her in half-gloom. He was glad of that shadowy darkness; he sat down in it, close beside her on the floor, and would have taken her hand in his. But she laid both hers gently upon his head, and drew it down to her own breast. Then she lifted the concealing lock again, and said, almost in a whisper,—

"I fear the wound is deep, Ned."
"What! that scratch, mother?"
"No, Ned! not that wound; but the other!"
"What other?"

"He disengaged himself from her hold on him, turned, faced her, and was sorry now for the deep twilight which lay upon her countenance, dimming the lights and lines whence he might have read an answer.

"Both were silent. But, through the shadows, the soft light, streaming full of tenderness, grew luminous between her own eyes and her boy's. At last he saw, and saw that she saw. So she let his head sink, till it rested on her breast again, and said,—

"Yes, mother, very deep, indeed. . . .

"Again there was a long spell of silence. Edward looked out at the open window, where a thinning space upon the cloudy sky-field showed that the moon's forceful gentleness was melting the heat mists away. But he still felt his mother's look stream on him, and knew that her eyes did not go wandering forth into the summer night.

"He was now sitting on the lower end of the sofa and she near the head of it. Presently she drew nearer him, and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, said,—

"When do you go, Ned?"
"Go, dearest; go where?"
"To India."

"Oh, mother, mother!" He put his arms about her so manfully tenderly. "I was selfish, ungrateful, cowardly. I will stay here. . . .

"The moon's disk by this time was clear of mists. A silver beam came slanting into the arched recess. Her son could see by the moonlight, as her husband had seen by the glare of day, that a mystic smile was making some sweet glory upon her face; but he was no better able than his father to spell its full meaning out.

"She turned away from him on sudden, passing her hands between the sofa and the angle of the wall. A clink, as of brass rings and buckles, struck his ear; and a gleam, as of burnished metal, flashed on his eye when she turned again.

"See, Ned! I cannot give you your proud lady-love, but I can give you this instead. Does not the "Sword Song" call it a "steel bride?"

"What is it, mother, dear?"

"But the words were idle; for, as if a magnet drew his fingers, they had at once an iron grip upon the hilt."

"You know it well enough, Ned. Your grandfather's old sword."

"One hand was on the hilt, the other on the scabbard. He drew it—scarce an inch or two, thrust the steel down quick into the sheath again and held it back towards her.

"Do not tempt me, dearest. I said "cost what cost will."

"God bless you for your will to make the costly sacrifice, my son. May He accept it!—in such sort as we do—your father and I—taking the will for the deed; for we are well resolved to take no more from you. I will not call your wound a mere boy's fancy, Ned. A sorrow piercing your heart wounds my own too deep for that. But young flesh and young spirit are akin, when both are pure and healthy as I joy to believe yours, my darling. Their wounds heal firm and clean when nothing frets and gangrenes. This home would be a sickly hospital for you. Here you would have a thousand petty throes to regain your heart's mastery; and you might fritter away in them a thousand times the strength which would give it you, wrestling elsewhere."

This we are sure the reader will agree with us in thinking is admirable writing—strong with the strength of gentleness and truth. The moral of the book throughout is that of self-sacrifice; and we cannot but note with satisfaction a tendency in many of the novel-writers of the present day to develop that sentiment above all others. In the last century, it was considered that the novel should simply or chiefly reflect the worst part of human nature. We have passed out of that stage; and art, no less than morals, is a gainer by the change. The tone of feeling in the story under consideration is so high that occasionally it gives to the conversation of the leading characters a ring of poetry that is not quite true to real life. But it is true to the best ideals of the best lives; and that is compensation sufficient.

Mr. Arthur Arnold, in "Ralph, or St. Sepulchre's and St. Stephen's," apparently does not aim at enforcing any special moral, but only at writing an amusing tale, in which we think he has succeeded very well. He has evidently taken Mr. Dickens as his model, and sometimes reproduces the lighter style of that gentleman with not a little of his humour. Ralph, the hero, begins life as the reputed son of a thief living in the purlieus of Drury-lane, and of the thief's wife, a hard-working and well-meaning woman. In the first chapter, we find him taken to witness the execution of a murderer outside Newgate; and the thief—for what purpose is not very clear—tells the boy that the criminal is his father. By and by, Bill Dixon, the teller of this prodigious fib, is transported for a burglary, and Mrs. Dixon subsequently gets Ralph into a lawyer's office, where she does "charing." The boy is clever, and improves apace. Afterwards he is introduced to a country clergyman of prodigiously literary habits, who wants an amanuensis; and here he makes such excellent progress that he becomes in time a budding author himself. The old clergyman dying, and Ralph's supposed parentage getting known, he flies to London to seek his fortune, though he has a good friend in one of the neighbouring gentry, and not an indifferent observer in that gentleman's pretty daughter Julia. In London he soon becomes connected with journalism, and a writer of brilliant leaders in the *Daily Express*. Finally, it turns out that he is not the son of the murderer, nor of the burglar, nor of the charwoman, but of a gentleman, whose rascally brother has contrived that the child shall be lost on Waterloo-bridge, in order that he may secure a reversionary interest in certain family property. And the story concludes with Ralph a member of Parliament and the happy husband of Julia. The circumstance on which the novel hinges seems to have been suggested by the extraordinary incident of the discovery of a gentleman's child in the possession of a beggar woman, which made so much noise about two years ago; but Mr. Arnold has developed that incident in a very different way from the fact. The career of this hero is at some parts rather strained as to probability; but the work is lively, spirited, and entertaining, and if the author is young, as we judge him to be, we have little doubt that his future stories will not be amongst the least agreeable contributions to the lighter literature of the day.

BEHIND THE VEIL.*

THE chief composition in the volume before us is a treatise in rhyme, concerning the universe itself and that which is outside and around it,—or, in other words, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. For nearly two hundred pages we are whirled through a disquisition in which past, present, and future mix their respective elements together as fantastically as the colours in a kaleidoscope, and leave about as definite an impression behind them. Still we are not much dazzled—our sensation is mainly that of a mild astonishment and puzzled curiosity as to what can possibly come next. There is no shock or horror, but rather a sort of rose-coloured nightmare stewed out of all things that have ever seemed to us abstruse or unintelligible. We start, of course, with the Absolute, and from thence we work our way down by degrees to Garibaldi and the Millennium. It seems that, to the inner eyes of Mr. Roden Noel, when meditating upon the sum of things in heaven and earth, appeared the vision of a marvellous coloured cone, turned bottom upwards, with "what seems a boundless sun," but is in reality the Unconditioned Absolute, for its base. This cone is suspended to something, the nature of which we cannot divine with a perfect precision, but which is probably that kind of Not-being which limits the Infinite, and which is well known to be substantially identical with Being. Well, this cone is the universe, and so far exhibits all the necessary marks of design, that nothing in the world or out of the world could, to all appearance, be better calculated to furnish Mr. Noel with the opportunity of discharging at a bewildered public several thousand lines of indifferent verse. There is room in it for orders and circles innumerable—for little existences in the little end of the cone, and big ones in the big end. There is all about humanity and self-absorption, the ruins of Egyptian Thebes, the perfectibility of vertebrate animals, and the electric telegraph. In short, all the odds and ends of Mr. Noel's brain, which would seem to be not very different in its tissue from most other brains in which the fancy has been allowed to run riot and to domineer over the reason, are deposited in mystical layers, or, not to put too fine a point upon it, are tumbled pell-mell into that wondrous horn of plenty which he has symbolized for us by the universal cone. Those among the general run of readers who

* *Behind the Veil, and other Poems.* By the Hon. Roden Noel. Macmillan, 1863.

happen to have taken up the book will, we are persuaded, hardly believe us when we affirm that we have actually read the poem through, more or less conscientiously. They cannot deny that they were themselves in a sound state of coma at a very early period of the process. On the other hand, there may be, for all we know, certain transcendentalists, among Mr. Noel's own friends, who may turn with contempt or sorrow from our unappreciative stupidity. But the fact remains that, whatever may be the cause, we emerge from "Behind the Veil" with scarcely more idea of where we have been or what we have learned than we have endeavoured to embody in the foregoing sentences. And we are encouraged to think that the fault may, after all, not be wholly in ourselves from the fact that we do follow such poets as Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, or, at any rate, imagine that we follow them, through many of their sublimest or most intricate speculations. Should any one wish to see how much more severe is the task of fathoming Mr. Roden Noel, here is a comparatively intelligible specimen of his versified philosophy, occurring within the first two or three pages of his poem:—

"When erst that absolute Abyss
Of Light that seemeth motionless,
Yet sun-like energizeth life,
Lake-like with mighty streams is rife,
Emergeth in the Pulse eterne
Of perfect Being, circled stern
With blank dead night, in issuing
Its lightning revolutions fling
The creature souls centrifugal;
To circling praise these planets fall,
In Archetypes eterne create
Their wanderings to moderate;
Ideas or Forms there are, which mould
The Will's procession manifold
To relatively perfect lives,
Since each with special powers contrives
The special end for which it lives."

After this, things proceed by an easy and natural transition to a treatment of the Logos itself as the ideal of all existence, and the keeper of individuals within their respective ideals by the operation of his spirit.

Certainly it is not our vocation to interpret Mr. Roden Noel. But we should be the last to deny that there may, after all, be a sound kernel of meaning in his words. The following lines, taken from the dedication, are no doubt perfectly sincere:—

"To thee these thoughts—to whom, if not to thee?
Though faltering, erring, of my best they are!
Nor lightly culled and costing nought to me,
But like the poor child's flower, her favourite care,
Reared anxious, and for this of us more prized
Than gorgeous hot-house bloom, my gift has cost
Long anxious care, at times thought agonized."

Yet the critic has a right to imagine, and upon sufficient grounds to believe, that the poet may possibly deceive himself with respect to the real amount of thought involved in his achievement. It can scarcely be the genuine thought-agony which results in so rude and inartistic an expression of the conceived ideas. We do not, of course, state that Mr. Noel has not, in reality, taken so much trouble as his words seem to indicate, but it is fair to point out his carelessness in things we *can* understand, as affording, perhaps, an indirect clue to the degree of workmanship he has brought to bear upon things which are confessedly beyond us. Some of the verses, for instance, are so rugged, that to give them oral utterance causes a sensation like that of chewing gravel. Here is one out of a thousand equally disagreeable:—

"Shivering rosed ankle-deep shells valved slight,"

to which, even if we could aspire to comprehend the propriety of the epithets, nothing could ever reconcile us on the score of sound. Then we are overwhelmed with such rhymes as *loss* and *course*, *flat* and *hate*, *control* and *miracle*, *thrill* and *feel*, *so* and *screw*, *roll* and *all*. To prove how extremely indolent Mr. Noel is in this respect we need extract but one passage. The italics are of course ours:—

"Lo! smiling Veeshnu, on his right,
A lotos-bunch enamoured *views*,
On which his raised left hand doth close:
But joining with the other *two*;
Nostril distent, contracted *brow*,
Distorted traits, protruded *tongue*;
How fearful glares the other *upon*
That hooded snake, as in a *vice*
His fingers clutch, held toward the *skies*!"

in which lines we doubt whether even the delightful character of the image, or the elegance of the phraseology, can be said to compensate the want of correct rhyme through four consecutive couplets. But this is not all. There are some sentences of which we are sorry to say, that even their grammar is assailable—a plural verb being, in the hurry of composition, joined to a singular noun or *vice versa*. And there is an almost childish love of compound words, selected apparently not on account of their dramatic significance, but as a mere gratuitous exercise of ingenuity. Now it would seem to us that all this sort of thing is well-nigh incompatible with genuine depth of thought in an educated man; nor can we admit that easily removable faults on the surface are in themselves

symbolic of anything but weakness within. It will not do to tell us that there is some mystical meaning in all this imperfect rhyme, versification, and grammar, if only our intellect were less gross and earthy. Neither can we allow Mr. Noel, on the score of genius, to claim exemption from those laws which Shakespeare and Milton condescended to obey. We will continue to believe that whatever is worth saying at all is worth saying well; and though we acknowledge the possibility that the *manner*, which we think we have shown to be unworthy, may by no means correspond to the *matter* of the poem, and that here at least may exist, as we have said, a sound kernel of meaning, yet in our opinion the probability is quite the other way. Of this at least we are certain, that Mr. Noel has no right, with his own indolence staring him in the face, to complain of being misunderstood, or read with less attention than he may previously have imagined himself to deserve. Whatever may be the worth of what he had to say, he has not said it well.

There are things worthy of notice in the remaining part of the book, but all is marred by crudeness and want of elegance. In the last poem, for example, we have—

"O, weep not that the weary head
Lies calm and cool at last!
O, weep not for the quiet dead,
Whose troubled dream is past!"

The sentiment of these lines is not, perhaps, new, but the idea well bears repeating in so simple and poetic a form. Surely we shall be able to close the book with a word of true commendation. Wait a little. The next stanza runs thus:—

"That now no more the Python coil
Of sin voluminous,
Can mock the soul's convulsive toil,
And stifle round her throes."

How could the same man who had produced the former verse bring himself on any terms to fashion the latter? We will only add that even the high tone of religious feeling, of which we are glad to say that Mr. Noel gives continual evidence, fails to redeem his utter lack of taste and elaboration. There are pieces like the address "To a Satirist," which, if the lines only belonged to some conceivable metre, would be true poetry. But there is no page in this rather thick volume where some glaring fault does not appear.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

UNDER the direction of Mr. Manns, the Crystal Palace concerts have, for several years past, assumed an importance which has entitled them to rank with the best entertainments of their class. The orchestra, consisting of a select but complete band of instrumentalists, has acquired a high degree of finish and precision of style from long association and constant rehearsal under Mr. Manns' careful conducting. Especially noticeable too is the interest which Mr. Manns has given to the performances by the frequent production of important novelties as well as of classical works which, from long disuse, had all the attraction of novelty. Mr. Manns therefore deserves well, both from the lovers of classical music, and from those who desire some knowledge of the progress of the newest schools of composition, the opportunities for hearing which are so few in this country. It was gratifying therefore to see so large and so appreciative an audience as that which assembled at the Crystal Palace to greet Mr. Manns on the occasion of his benefit concert on Saturday last, when several interesting novelties were provided. The performance commenced with Schumann's overture to "Julius Cæsar," previously unheard in this country. Since Beethoven's magnificent overture to "Coriolanus" it has been the fashion with many instrumental composers to write overtures to which they have attached the titles of some of Shakespeare's plays, the characteristics of which were supposed to be shadowed forth in the musical prelude. This however is a bold adventure, and there have been but few composers whose genius could stand so severe a test.

Thus Spohr, great master as he was, infused neither general dramatic, nor special Shakespearian, character into his overture to "Macbeth"; and many other composers, of more or less merit, might be cited, whose attempts of this kind are conspicuous failures, standing in remarkable contrast to Beethoven's profoundly tragic overture to "Coriolanus," and Mendelssohn's exquisitely fanciful and imaginative overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; in both of which works the genius of the musician has almost equalled that of the poet. It is to be regretted that these glorious examples of Beethoven and Mendelssohn have incited many composers of considerable but inferior merit to produce "Shakespeare" overtures, the only characteristic of which is the evident incapacity for so high a mental flight. Nay, to such an extent has this imitative ambition arrived that mere tyros and

juvenile students, scarcely out of their tutelage, not content with simply writing an overture as an exercise, must desecrate Shakespeare by attaching the titles of his sublime works to their crude infantile attempts. Young Tomkins has no hesitation in producing an overture to "Hamlet;" while still younger Jenkins indulges us with an overture to "Lear," in innocent ignorance that it is the *ultimatum* of the highest order of matured musical genius to measure strength with the greatest of poets. The inflated self-sufficiency with which some of these infantile maudlinings are associated with Shakespeare's "high imaginings," and thrust into public performance, is without parallel in any other walk of art. Now, these remarks, although arising out of a reference to Schumann's "Shakespearean Overture," are by no means intended to apply to that composer. Schumann was a man of fine genius, but of crude and irregular training, who has never yet been properly estimated in this country—his admirers putting him forth as continuing the development of the abstract idealism of Beethoven's later style, while their opponents decry his music as empty and inflated pretence. As usual in such cases of partisanship, neither side is right. Schumann possessed genius and imagination which, with more regular training and greater power of self-revision, would have given him a high and undisputed place in the list of composers. Of his natural powers he has left abundant evidence in his pianoforte works and his songs, the exquisite beauty and deep sentiment of many of which should have preserved him from the wholesale sarcasm with which he has been assailed by one or two of our prominent critics. At the same time it must be conceded that, in his larger and more ambitious works, Schumann lacks that power of continuity, that sustained fusion of thought, which, indeed, none but the greatest masters possessed. Thus, his symphonies, although containing great beauties (especially the fourth in D minor), have an effect of incompleteness, or, rather, of being the result of detached laborious sittings, instead of that unity which distinguishes the great orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Schumann's overture to "Julius Caesar" is an ambitious attempt at dramatic characterization and poetical suggestion, which it fails to fulfil, in spite of Mr. Manns' assertion (in his programme) that "it breathes throughout the sentiment of the great Roman drama whose name it bears, and presents a striking picture of the heroism, ambition, and victory of the mighty conqueror." Mr. Manns is an excellent conductor and a valuable concert director, but he is a little abroad in the aesthetics of his art when he claims for music such a minutely descriptive power as this. The overture to "Julius Caesar" is a pretentious effort in the heroic style; the leading subjects, trite in themselves, derive no importance from the crude and laboured way in which they are developed; and, in spite of some transient gleams of power and beauty, it cannot be accepted as a worthy pendant to the two glorious Shakespearean overtures of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. An "Ave Maria," by Brahms, was interesting as a specimen by a young living composer, one of the lights of the new German school of musical progress. An elegant and flowing theme in six-eight time raises expectations which are disappointed by that crude and forced development—that straining after originality—which distinguishes the composers of young Germany. A pianoforte scherzo of Mendelssohn's (in F sharp minor) arranged for the orchestra by Leschetzki, is so brilliantly and effectively instrumented as almost to excuse this amplification of the composer's work; which, as in the case of Berlioz's orchestral arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," is scarcely to be defended on principle. Far more justifiable is M. Gounod's "Meditation" upon a prelude of Bach's (the first from the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues") in which a choral and orchestral superstructure is built on the foundation of a simple prelude for the pianoforte, the arpeggio passages of which are preserved intact, while the chorus and orchestra are employed by M. Gounod in a series of sustained sequences with most charming effect. There is here no alteration or distortion of the classical original, it is simply an added beauty. Mr. Manns' violin concerto, without much pretension as to style and construction, is well written for the instrument, and served to display M. Lotto's brilliant execution. The remainder of the concert calls for no special remark. There was much vocal music, by some of our best vocalists, the most noticeable feature being a charming cantata by Carissimi (full of suggestions of Handel's operatic style), which was admirably sung and declaimed (two qualities not always combined) by Signor Marchesi.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts have been so successful that they have been prolonged beyond the original intention. They closed with a performance for Mr. Mellon's benefit on Saturday last. It is understood that the speculation has been profitable—a result fully deserved by the generally excellent nature of the

performances, which have been calculated to gratify all tastes. Covent Garden Theatre will not remain long echoless, the commencement of the Pyne and Harrison English Opera season being announced for Monday week, with a new opera, "The Desert Flower," by Mr. Wallace. This, and the resumption of the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts on November 13th, with Mr. Costa's oratorio, "Eli," may be considered as the beginning of our winter musical season.

SCIENCE.

THE METROPOLITAN MAIN DRAINAGE WORKS.

As questions of the very highest importance are certain to be brought before the public attention with ever-increasing exigency as the great Metropolitan Main Drainage works approach towards completion, or portions become available for use, it is extremely desirable that the fullest and most correct information should be circulated respecting their actual condition, and that the principles upon which they are being constructed should be thoroughly understood. The Main Drainage scheme was commenced in February, 1859, at an original estimate of three millions of money, and the works were to have been completed in the present year. At this time the portions executed and under contract amount to more than sixty miles of main sewers, at an expenditure of nearly three millions, while a further grant of £1,200,000 is asked for, as also an additional period of three years for the completion of the entire works.

The primary object is to remove from the London area, and especially the Thames in its passage through the city, the sixty millions of gallons of sewage which has hitherto contaminated the river, and, without doubt, has exerted a very prejudicial effect upon the general health of the inhabitants. The question of utilization of the sewage has necessarily assumed a secondary position in these plans, for until science has shown how the sewage can be utilized, the engineer can make no certain or appropriate provisions for the purpose, and he could, therefore, only have as a chief object the absolute removal from the inhabited area of that sewage which was deemed pernicious to its sanitary condition. There are two ways of removal, by actual labour or mechanical means, and by gravitation or running it away by a system of underground sewers or rivers—the former a never-ending and costly process; the latter cheap, continuous, and more effective. For this latter purpose, then, as far as practicable, two great systems of drainage have been devised for the north and south sides of the metropolis respectively.

The northern system consists of three main lines of sewers—a high, middle, and low level. The first, commencing at Kentish-town, passes through Holloway, Stoke Newington, Clapton, Hackney, and Homerton, to Old Ford. The middle level, at the Cemetery at Kensal-green, passing through Notting-hill, Westbourne, along the Uxbridge-road and Oxford-street, Backhill, Old-street, Bethnal-green, and Old Ford-lane; two main branches running into it from Piccadilly and Coppice-row, and three great sewers being intercepted in its progress, namely, the Ranelagh, draining Hampstead and Kilburn at the Gloucester-road, Uxbridge-road; the King's Scholars' Pond sewer at Duke-street, Oxford-street; and the Regent's-park tunnel sewer at Regent-circus. The course of the third, or low level line, is from about a mile west of Hammersmith-bridge—a branch coming in also from Acton, and another from Fulham—through Chelsea, Belgravia, Victoria-street, Westminster, to Hungerford, then along the new Embankment to Cannon-street, thence by Tower-hill, Commercial-road, Limehouse, to a pumping station at the Abbey-mill at West Ham, between Bow and Stratford. From the penstock at Old Ford, where the high level and middle level sewers come together, they run on side by side to the Abbey-mill station, and thence there are three culverts running together on an embankment across the Plaistow and East Ham marshes for a further distance of 4½ miles to the reservoir and outfall station at Barking-creek. The high and middle level mains are nearly entirely completed, and are partially in use, the whole outrun being effected solely by gravitation, or the continuous inclination or "fall" of these sewers from one end to the other. The northern low level main, the most difficult and arduous, is not yet begun, and the sewage in this line will have to be twice lifted, first at Pimlico for about 20 feet, and again at Abbey-mills for about the same height, the original head at starting being only a few feet above high-water mark. The western branch of this line is, however, in progress.

The southern system consists likewise of three lines—the Effra, high, and low level mains. The Effra main commences at the Crystal Palace, another line running in from Salter's-hill past the Norwood Cemetery; it then goes on through Dulwich, Peckham-rye, and Nunhead, to Deptford. The high level starts from Clapham, and goes through Stockwell, North Brixton, Camberwell, Peckham, and New-cross, to Deptford, running side by side with the Effra from Hatcham. The low level begins at Putney, passing round by Wandsworth to Battersea, thence by Nine-elms, Kennington-oval, along the Surrey-canal and the Old Kent-road, by Peckham New Town, also to Deptford, where there is a pumping-station to lift the sewage into a single large outfall-sewer, which is tunneled thence beneath Greenwich and Woolwich and across the Plumstead marshes to the southern outfall-station at Cross Ness.

As in the northern system with the high and middle level mains, the Effra and southern high level sewers flow the whole distance by gravitation, but with this difference, that while on the north the whole of the sewage enters the northern reservoir considerably above high-water mark, and there is always, therefore, a natural head of sewage to effect its ejection into the river at Barking-creek, the sewage of the entire southern system arrives at the Cross Ness outfall-station at nine feet below low-water, and the whole volume has therefore to be lifted into the southern reservoir by steam power, involving the cost and maintenance of four 125-horse-power engines.

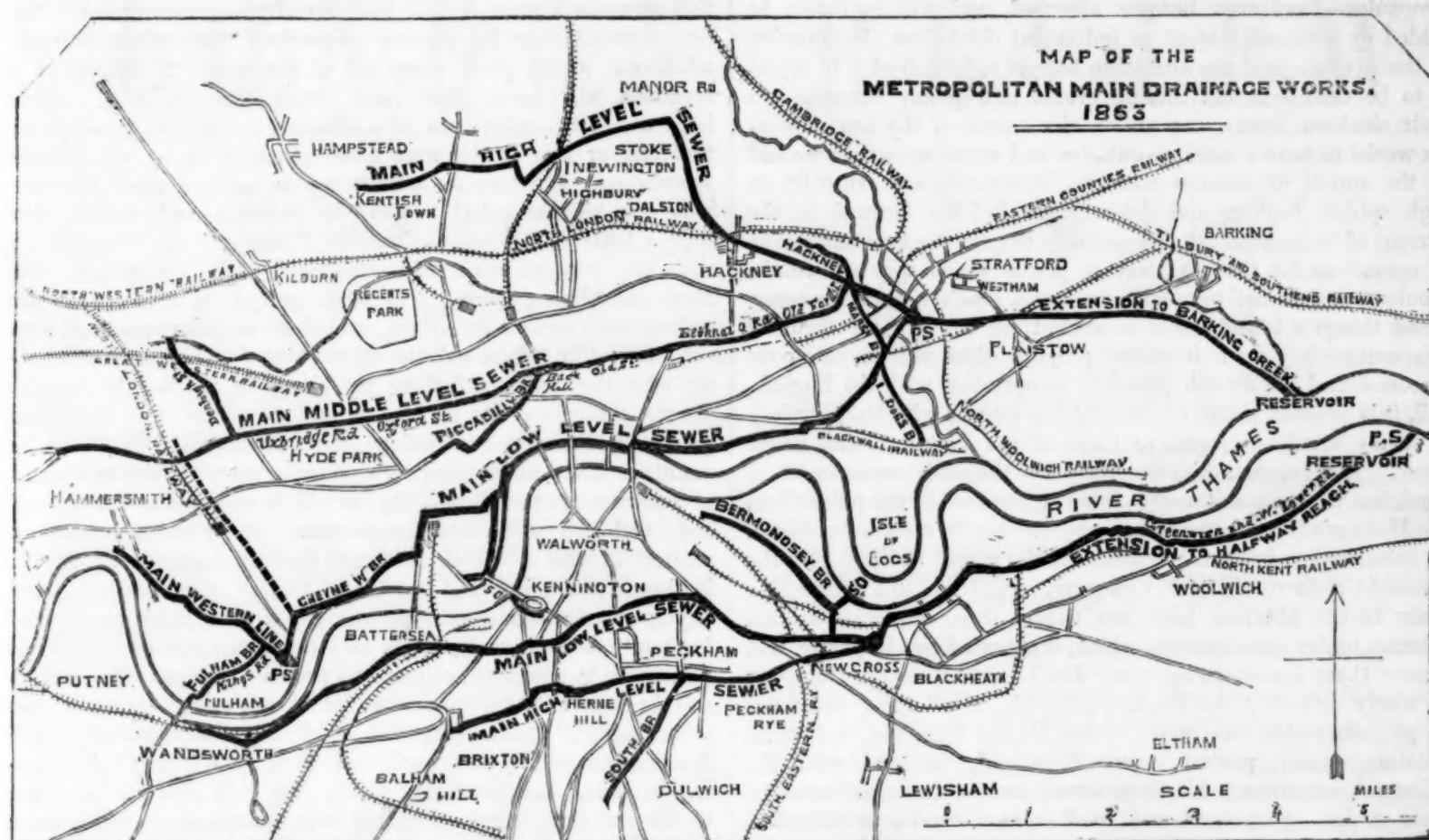
Having thus given the general plan and course of the main lines of the two systems, we may now proceed to describe the engineering and other principles involved in their design. The two systems, northern and southern, are the inevitable result of the division of the Thames valley by the course of that river flowing along its floor; the three *intercepting* lines of each system are purposely designed. The main sewers have not only to carry the actual sewage, but they are also the channels for storm-waters, occurring suddenly and in vast quantity during rainfalls and storms. In order, therefore, that the lower level area may not be overflowed, two intercepting lines are laid along the slope of each side of the Thames valley above each other, so that the area of the highest ground is cut off from the area of the middle region, and this again from the great low-lying area, which includes all the river-side portions of the metropolis, and which, being in great part close upon or below high-water mark, necessitates the pumping for discharge of at least one-third of the London sewage. Mr. Mackie, who has fully described, with many woodcut illustrations, the engineering and practical works of the metropolitan drainage systems in the present month's number of the *Popular Science Review*, has likened this method to putting two ridges along the side of a house-roof to intercept the water flowing along the slope, instead of allowing it to run over the eaves into the usual gutter; so that thus three smaller channels carry the rainfall off the roof into the down-pipe by the side of the house, and the overflow of the eaves-gutter is effectually prevented. This intercepting principle will be at once apparent by a glance at the map, which by the permission of the publisher of that work, Mr. Hardwicke, we have been allowed to copy from the article referred to; it being borne in mind that the ground rises in height on both sides as it recedes from the river. There is as evident economy, as there is advantage in this arrangement; for, with one enormous low level sewer, supposing there had been a sufficient fall for its self-action by gravitation, which there is not, there would be constantly a danger of overflow and bursting if all the drainage from the higher regions run into it as they did formerly into the river. By the plan of three smaller sewers for the three divisional areas, every risk of flooding is removed, while their combined capacity is not equal to that which would have been needed had the whole sewage and storm-waters been carried through a single main. With but one arterial sewer, too, every atom of sewage and a very large proportion of the storm-waters would have had to have been lifted by mechanical means under existing circumstances. Moreover, the sudden and great flow of the storm-waters, from which alone damage to the drains would arise, is by these divisions equalized and provided for by weirs or overflow-walls, which permit during such periods, when the contents of one line of drain have reached above a certain safe level, the discharge into another line of drain of the dangerous surplus. In this way a weir is made at Regent-circus, over which the storm-waters can, when they rise above a given limit, fall into the old Regent's-park tunnel sewer along Regent-street, and find an exit into the Thames at Hungerford. In like manner, at the penstock at Old Ford, the storm-waters can fall over from the high level into the middle level line, or *vice versa*, or both or either into a separate storm-overflow into the Lea. Similar arrangements are made at other points, and storm-overflows are provided at Hammersmith, Sandy End, Chelsea, London-bridge, the Docks, Putney, Wandsworth, Battersea, South Lambeth, and Deptford, for the low level mains, and on the Uxbridge-road and other places, though not so numerous, for the high and middle level lines, as well also as at both outfalls.

The general dimensions of the sewers are from 4 feet 6 inches in diameter to 9 feet by 12 feet, beginning with the smaller and ending with the larger dimensions at the commencement of the outfall mains, which are of uniform capacity throughout (except at one or two points from local necessities); and both the main and outfall lines are provided at regular intervals with man-holes and air-shafts for the entrance into and the proper ventilation of the drains. It is obvious that as the sewage is constantly and continually being added along the whole line of sewer, that were it constructed of uniform dimensions throughout it would either be too large altogether or too large at one end and too small at the other; it is, therefore, made what may be illustratively called trumpet-shaped—that is, gradually increasing in diameter with the length of its course; and, in this way, with no possible waste of material, it is perfectly adequate to the carrying of the increase of quantity from the continued accessions and inflows from the lateral house and side street drains. The reasons for access and such complete ventilation are not at first sight so obvious. Access is wanted necessarily for clearing stoppages, repairs, and for inspection and other subsidiary matters; and ventilation is, of course, equally necessary for the human beings who have to go into and to work in these darksome and sickening tubes—which, however, are kept as clean and as wholesome as such works can be, and are not so awfully bad as some imagine them, and yet certainly

not such as would induce any one to make voluntary practical comparison of their gaseous emanations with the fragrant odours from Piesse's or Rimmel's. But there are other reasons for air-shafts, some effects of which, when more important and pressing matters have been settled and dispatched, will probably fall under public discussion. Upon controversial points, however, this is neither the place nor the time to enter, and we shall purposely avoid them. The drainage works of the metropolis, as far as they go, are both admirably planned and excellently executed; so much must be freely credited to Mr. Bazalgette; while undoubtedly the discussions which will precede and follow their practical application will determine questions of national importance, and these determinations will influence every town and city in the kingdom. It is our province and wish to describe now what *is*, and the reasons for what is done. From the rise of the tides, the closing of portions for repairs, and other causes, there will be periods when the ends of the sewers will be closed. If at such times a great influx of storm-water occurred in what would be, if the sewer were solid throughout, for the time being practically a hermetically sealed tube, it is evident that, with the rise of the water, the air above its surface in the interval below the crown of the internal arch must be compressed, and in proportion to the height to which the flood rose be like steam at higher and higher pressure, until, at last, when the tension got greater than the brickwork of the arch would bear, the sewer would give way and blow up. The air-shafts act then as blow-holes for the atmosphere of the sewer to escape by, and as soon as, by the slightest increase of the volume of sewage or storm-waters, any pressure is exerted upon it, a discharge takes place into the open air by these outlets. Again, there is seemingly a necessity for them for a similar though not identical reason. If the air were pent up in the sewers under any pressure, although it might not amount to even an approach towards danger-point to the works, and might not be more even than slight, there would be a tendency in the gaseous emanations from the sewage to obtain an outlet through the drainage apparatus of domestic houses—a result most desirable to be avoided, and which is now prevented by their readier escape through the shafts.

Our next consideration will be the outfall works. Having intercepted the rainfall and sewage of six distinct areas, and conveyed it to the external limits of the metropolis, it would have been little or no better to have let it run into the Thames there than to have allowed it to continue to flow at once into the river all along its course through the city, for the flood tide would have brought it up and the ebb tide carried it back again, through that populous district from which it emanated. To have carried the sewage in brick or iron culverts for thirty miles down to the river's mouth would have involved an expense that was alarming, and yet there existed a paramount necessity of conveying it as far from the metropolis as possible, and to such a point that there should be no danger of its flowing, however diluted, up and through the thickly-populated area from below Greenwich to above Wandsworth and Putney. Barking-creek on the north, and the Erith-marshes on the south, were the nearest points of discharge that could be safely adopted, and here, fourteen miles from London-bridge, by discharging for the first two hours after high water into the bottom of the river,—where there would be twenty times the volume of water to dilute it,—the ebb tide would take it twelve miles further down the stream towards the sea or twenty-six miles away through a constantly enlarging mass of water to complete its thorough dilution.

The sewage, although it could be, always from the northern outfall, and, under certain circumstances, also from the southern outfall, run direct into the river, will not be allowed to do so, but will be stored, at any rate for the intervals between the tidal emissions, in vast reservoirs, at either outfall to be there deodorized before its discharge, or to be turned to other account if profitable measures for its utilization can be devised. Primarily, the object of the reservoirs is for storage during the intervals between emission. The northern reservoir covers 10 acres of space, the southern 6½ acres, and both are built close upon the shore. The northern consists of four compartments, the dividing wall of each pair being constructed double as a weir, with an outflow tunnel between, so that in case of any excessive inflow there would be an overflow outlet for the dangerous surplus. The whole reservoir, in height from 15 feet to 18 feet, is arched over with a brick roof covered with concrete and four feet of earth, air-shafts being provided at suitable intervals; the floor is completely paved with four-inch Yorkshire stone, and falls more than 2 feet in its entire length; and along the end of the reservoir a flushing sewer of considerable dimensions is filled by the influx of the tide at high water. This is used to cleanse out the settlement upon the floor or increase the scour during the periods of emitting the sewage. The sewage, which enters the reservoir by numerous side-openings from the outfall-sewers at a high level, falls first into a deep penstock chamber, whence it flows over into the various compartments of the reservoir. In its exit it falls over the same penstock wall into a large tumbling-bay, built at a much lower level than the floor of the reservoir and beneath the terminal portions of the three outfall sewers, and thence is discharged by nine sluices on to a stone apron covering the shore below the level of low-water, the great spread of the outflowing sewage upon which below a considerable depth of the river-water tends to its immediate and thorough commingling and dilution. The ends of the main outfall sewers themselves, usually closed by gates to turn the sewage into the reservoir, can be discharged by their open orifices through a penstock into this tumbling-bay, and thus at



once issue over the apron into the river; but this will be rarely done, except necessitated by storms. Storm-openings being made not only frequently into the Thames from the various mains on both sides, even between Westminster and London bridges, but as well as into the Lea and Ravensbourne, it is right that we should reflect upon the state of the storm-waters passing the drains at such times, their condition being different from that of ordinary sewage, and principally consisting of rainwater; for which reason engineers are by no means chary of their employment. Our experience, however, of seaside outfalls after storms has shown us that the sewage emitted after such occurrences is extremely dark-coloured and turbid. This may arise from street-sullage swept in at the surface-gratings during the storm, or it may result from the scouring of sewage long arrested and accumulated in the drains; but the ordinary sewage-flow, however, never escapes by these storm-outlets, and the circumstances which could cause any of them to come into play, not happening on an average more than twenty-four times in a year, and perhaps never simultaneously along the whole of them, or any considerable number at once, we may well rather put up with such rare inconveniences than endanger the works; and if they cannot be avoided, at any rate the subject, if it has to be discussed, will be most likely allowed to wait until more urgent questions have been solved. The great principle of not allowing deodorized sewage, under any circumstances whatever, to be emitted anywhere and under any pretext within the metropolitan area of the river, is what most requires to be looked after and most religiously defended. Deodorizing merely means taking away the offensive odour; it does not imply that the noxious qualities of the sewage are destroyed; and it is not known, nor is it by any means certain, that in destroying that which is offensive to the nostrils we have equally destroyed that which is prejudicial to health.

The southern outfall works and reservoir are designed for the same objects as the outfall works on the north—the emission of the sewage after deodorization into the river during the first two hours of the seaward ebb,—and are similar in principle, subject to this modification, that the sewage, instead of pouring into the reservoir by its own gravitation from above, arrives at a very considerable depth, nearly twenty feet below its floor, too low to be usually emitted into the river direct without deodorization, although it can be so at low water, and it has therefore to be pumped to a higher level, whence it flows into a penstock through numerous openings and over the wall of the penstock into the reservoir, which consists of four covered compartments and a flushing culvert like the northern reservoir we have already described, the sewage being subsequently emitted by a middle line of sewer, equivalent to the lowest exit-openings into the tumbling-bay of the northern outfall. From this middle sewer it is conveyed by numerous iron pipes on to the bed of the river at some depth below the surface of low-water, the object of the numerous pipes being to divide and disseminate the deodorized sewage to secure its effectual commingling and dilution.

Some portions of the metropolitan sewage being already allowed to pass through certain portions of the completed drainage works, we may add that the emission of these portions is at present constant, direct, and uninterrupted. Neither of the reservoirs are in a condition to receive any quantity whatever; neither are they at all near completion. One compartment of the northern or Barking reservoir is roofed in and paved—indeed, finished all but about forty feet of one side-wall next the penstock, and the earthing

over; a second has all its piers in, and the arching-over progressing; the third has its piers building; the fourth is having its foundations dug and filling in with concrete. The southern reservoir is rather more advanced, but as yet is unprovided with engine-power—the pumping-wells, however, being nearly complete, and the engine-house erecting.

Such, then, are the general principles of the works. Of the upwards of 75 miles of main drains which the effectual draining of the metropolis will require, 63 are completed or in progress, and some 12 or 15 still remain to be done. Of the 11 miles of the northern low level main only the contract for the embankment portion along the line of the new street by the river side from Hungerford to Cannon-street has been taken, and the pumping-stations at Pimlico and Abbey-mill have yet to have their first bricks laid. Of the southern low level the Bermondsey branch is completed; and the main sewer in full progress.

But whatever yet remains to be done, the works are progressing as fast as many thousands of busy hands can make them, and as well, to their credit be it said, as if the contractors were vying with each other for honour instead of labouring for individual profit.

THE first number of the new volume of the *Popular Science Review*, which has just been issued under the editorship of Dr. Lawson, presents a marked and decided advance over the previous numbers of this instructive periodical. The leading article by Mr. Crookes, on "Photographic Printing and Engraving," is a clear and lucid explanation of the methods attempted to accomplish perfectly those desirable processes, and is accompanied by a very appropriate illustration, consisting of a full side of the *Times* newspaper photographed within the space of a demy octavo plate, and printed directly from the stone. It is marvellous for its clearness and minuteness, and deserves examination by every one—scientific or curious. Dr. Lankester also furnishes an excellent sermon upon "Fresh Air;" Mr. Cooke three chapters on "Microscopic Fungi Parasitic on Living Plants;" and Professor Ansted continues his account of the Ionian Islands. Mr. S. J. Mackie contributes a descriptive account of "Main Drainage Works," with explanatory notices of the methods and manner of their construction, and the working operations of the sewers when in use. The notices of new inventions and scientific summary are extremely full and interesting.

A SERIES of experiments to test the 300-pounder Armstrong gun are about to be carried out at Shoeburyness, for which a target 12 ft. by 10 ft. is being constructed; it will be faced with 4½-inch iron plates, backed by 18 inches of teak.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE public appear determined, notwithstanding all warning and all remonstrance, to support speculative activity. Whether it be in the shape of business in foreign stocks or the formation of public companies the wheel of fortune is whirled with a velocity, which threatens imminent danger if it is not immediately abated. The mania in banking shares is producing new banks, the hotel company mania has reached such a height that the Star and Garter at Richmond, and also the London Tavern in Bishopsgate, the grand scene of turtle feasts for plethoric aldermen and civic

companies—have each become absorbed, and will in future be guided by directors instead of individual chiefs, but the question of the advantage of the alteration has yet to be solved. If report is to be credited—and coming events now pretty strongly cast their shadows before—we are in the course of the next five or six weeks to have a more speculative and active time than we had in the spring or summer months. Promoters are evidently in high spirits, brokers and jobbers are looking forward to the current of business in October as likely to give the finishing stroke to operations for the year, leaving profits which they say will be fabulous, and enough to provide for losses, should a re-action occur. Great things it is said are to be worked out through the financial companies—they are to introduce projects which will be enormous successes, and the French principle co-operating with the English, will, it is averred, secure *Credit Mobilier* returns with the certainty of steady dividends equal to those of the London Joint Stock Bank. The International Company has the dock arrangement in hand, but let us hope it may be more appreciated by the public than the Hudson's Bay scheme (other projects *in petto* are also spoken of as calculated to increase the profits of the parent institution); the General Credit and Finance Company, in addition to a prospective share in the Mexican loan, has two or three important Indian schemes under consideration, which, if accepted by the public, will ensure them handsome returns. The London Financial Company is wisely following the English principle of affording assistance to projects within the limits of the United Kingdom, and, while obtaining good profits, seems thoroughly satisfied with the collateral securities. All these arrangements, however, must be more or less speculative, and tending, as they do, to stimulate business in the shares, if carried too high they will have to be brought again to their natural level. The new banks and the new hotel companies fail to create the excitement which would show that they have secured the unlimited confidence of the market, or that they will become high premium-bearing investments. The Imperial Privileged Bank of Austria is steady at 1 to 1½ premium; the East London Bank is about ½ to 1 premium; and the shares of the hotel companies indiscriminately range from par to 1 premium. This indicates no sensible movement, and it is probably yet to come about the 8th, when the large amount in the hands of the India Council is released and the ordinary payments of the dividends take place. But if, concurrently with these events, we are to have a new Egyptian loan, the loan for Mexico, and other large enterprises, any surplus capital that may then appear available will be soon swept away, and we shall discover we are much in the same position as before the October dividends, with the prospective contingency of dearer instead of cheaper rates for discount.

If any proof were wanting of the dangerous character of the operations conducted in the principal speculative securities—Mexican, Greek, and Spanish,—reference has only to be made to the adjustment of the account concluded on Wednesday. Such was the state of business that the operators were willing to pay rates of "continuation" (i. e., for carrying over) equal to 10, 15, and 18 per cent.—and this, mind, for the fortnight—to enable them to have the opportunity of floating a week past the period when this great abundance of capital is anticipated. When the current is so strong in favour of the rise, and when everybody is going for the event, there must, as a consequence of such extreme rates of interest being charged, be a number of weak persons involved; and the least strain upon prices, if unfavourable, will immediately entail a repetition of the scene witnessed six weeks or two months ago, and which terminated in the failure of a number of the members of the House. It is impossible, satisfactory although the circumstances may be regulating a portion of the dealings in these stocks, that everything can be sound, when it is perceived to what a magnitude they have been extended. Brokers, jobbers, and their clerks have been working night and day, we hear, to bring their accounts into order; exceptional prices have been paid for aid to expedite the arrangement; and though prices look healthy at present, the leading operators quake with fear when they scrutinise the depth of the distress into which their clients with themselves may be precipitated. In the course of the next account we shall probably see, if the markets hang fire, and the ordinary animation diminishes, a gentle pressure put upon the great body of the outside speculators, who will gradually be induced to realise with the view of preventing a heavy and ruinous fall. This will be a very wise plan to pursue, as it will not compromise those who possess resources and can pay, but will let down those who are all but "cleaned out" in a quiet and respectable manner. It must naturally be expected, in a transition such as this, that there will be disasters, but with forethought and management of

this character a great deal of their severity may be averted. The next account from its gigantic proportions must either, through additional profit, place many out of the reach of danger, or a revulsion will occur that must bring them to grief. Some hope might be entertained of a different result were it supposed that one or two stocks were alone operated in by the general speculators. But this we are assured is not the case; the man who has his thousands "open" in Mexican and Greek, also dips a little into Spanish, Turkish Sixes, and the *Consolidés*; and not content with this additional risk, adventures into Bank and Mining shares. The profit gained upon the one is not unfrequently lost on the others; and if the majority should all turn out a loss alike, where will the operators as a body be? Let people say what they may—and there are plenty of people who support the rise throughout its shifting mutations—there is no legitimate ground for the wild transactions now encouraged. They may be maintained, and maintained for a purpose, but when any symptoms of weakness are manifested, the fall will be as rapid as the original rise; and then will come the sacrifice. Every one who has any connection with the Stock Exchange and its engagements, should be prepared for it. The holders of foreign securities which are paying no dividends,—the proprietors of new Bank shares who hesitate to realise because it is said premiums will rise out of all proportion to acquired business and probable profits,—the bankers and brokers who are over-confident in advancing on these and other scarcely stable securities,—each of these sections of the financial community are greatly interested; and if they take warning in time, and cautiously retire, they will find in the space of the next four months they will have no reason to regret their resolution.

THE Bank directors continue to maintain their rate at 4 per cent. Out of doors no quotation lower is current, and it is believed that the inquiry will support that value. More ease certainly prevailed on Thursday, the quarter having turned, and the arrangements in connection with it having been completed.

£40,000 was sent into the Bank on Thursday. Previously, £330,000 was the total for the week forwarded; but, at the same time, £106,000 was withdrawn. The silver market is rather unsettled, through the remittances to Bombay to pay for cotton.

CONSOLS for money were 93½ to ½, and for the account 93½ to ½; there is no movement in other English securities.

FOREIGN stocks and railway shares show no great fluctuation. Bank shares are still ruling high, but they must drop after the mania is over. Such a rise cannot in reality be supported by the business the new establishments are transacting.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Alcohol *versus* Teetotalism. Fcap., 1s.
 Alison's (Sir A.) History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to 1852. People's edition. Vol. 1. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Barlow's (F. D.) Rays from the Sun of Righteousness. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Black's Guide to Galway and Connemara. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Bohn's Illustrated Library. Gammer Grethel. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 — Philological Library. Lowndes' Bibliographers' Manual. Part 9. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 — Standard Library. Foster's Essays on Decision of Character. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Bojesen's (Mrs.) Guide to the Danish Language. Fcap., 5s.
 Bree's (C. P.) History of the Birds of Europe. Vol. 4. Royal 8vo., 17s.
 Broad Shadows on Life's Pathway. New edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Brown's (C. P.) Carnatic Chronology. 4to., 5s.
 Catherine II., Memoirs of. By Herself. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Charlesworth's (M. L.) Ministering Children. New edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Churchman's Guide to Faith and Piety. 2nd edit. 18mo., 4s. 6d.
 Colburn's (Z.) Inquiry into the Nature of Heat. 8vo., 2s.
 Colton's General Atlas. 180 Maps. Imp. folio, £4. 4s.
 Cornelius: a Novel. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Cooper's (J. F.) The Sea Lions. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Cooper's Gentleman (The). By "Scrutator." Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Edgar's (Rev. J. Pitt) Sermons. Fcap., 2s.
 Easy Lessons in French Conversation. New edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Edkins (J. R.) Chinese Scenes and People. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Esquiro's (Alphonse) The English at Home. 3rd series. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 First Lessons in Geography. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Further Examination Papers for the Civil Service of India, July, 1863. Folio, 2s. 6d.
 Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar. Translated by J. T. Conant. New edit. Royal 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Giant Show (The); or, Adventures of B. McLummund, Esq. Oblong 8vo., 5s.
 Gospel of St. Matthew: a New Translation, with Notes. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Grandineau's (F.) Le Petit Précepteur. 29th edit. 16mo., 3s.
 Hearts in Mortmain. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Horner (J.) on Health. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Jacobson's (Gulielmus) Patrum Apostolicorum. 4th edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 21s.
 Mary and her Pupils: a Story for Girls. Fcap., 2s.
 Millington's (Rev. T. S.) The Testimony of the Heathen to the Truths of Holy Writ. Imp. 8vo., 21s.
 Oxenden (Rev. A.) and Ramsden's (Rev. C. H.) Family Prayers. 6th edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Paterson's (W.) Practical Statutes of the Session 1863. 12mo., 10s. 6d.
 Post (The) of Honour. By Author of Broad Shadows. Fcap., 5s.
 Practical Commentary on St. Mark. By G. B. Fcap., 3s.
 Punch. Re-issue. Vol. 32. 4to., 5s.
 Railway Library. Lewell Pastures. Fcap., 2s.
 Run (A) with the Stag-Hounds. By "Phiz." Folio, 21s.
 Sackville Chase. By C. J. Collins. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., 31s. 6d.
 Scott's (Sir W.) Waverley Novels. Cheap edit. Vol. 22. Fair Maid of Perth. Fcap., 1s.
 Secrets of my Office. By a Bill Broker. Post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Stevens and Hole's Grade Lesson-Books. Standard 5. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Taylor's (A. & J.) Hymns for Infant Minds. 46th edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Thompson's (P.) Oil and Colourman. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 To the Pyramids. Oblong, 1s.
 Whately's (Maria) More about Ragged Life in Egypt. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Whitehead's (Rev. H.) Sermons on Saints' Days. Cr. 8vo., 6s.